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AMERICAN SENSITIVENESS RESPECTING LITERARY REPUTATION.

It is certain that we of this republican world are not a patient people. There is among us, as a community, little of that comfortable philosophy which teaches endurance of reproach, resignation to derision or reproof, and forbearance toward those who would kindly admonish us of our errors. It may be profitable for our instruction to reflect occasionally on the faults which we have committed, and the redeeming acts of merit which we should hereafter perform. Nations, as well as individuals, may make an humble acknowledgment of their offences, without expecting or wishing to be considered such heinous offenders as they represent themselves; but whether we feel the truth of our avowal or not, and whether self-abasement tend most to exalt or degrade us, in the opinion of others, we should not entirely neglect confession of our misdeeds, if it were only to obtain our own forgiveness, and keep the rest of the world in good humor with us.

Petulance and impatience, under rebuke, are said to be the besetting follies of youth; and as we grow in years, if we do not all advance in wisdom, we at least become convinced that there are others as wise as ourselves. But the rule of action which this conviction may form for the government of individuals, does not control them with equal authority, as members of the social community. As men, they may feel their

weakness, and acknowledge their crimes or foibles, for they detract nothing, in their own opinion, from their character, by admitting their participation in the natural infirmities of which all their race partake. In their political capacity, they feel themselves to be possessed of a new strength, superinduced by the relation which they bear toward so many others, with whom they constitute the national aggregate. In this relative character, which they assume as constituent parts of the political body, they not only consider themselves as invested with additional physical strength, but as having incurred an obligation to defend the political rights, and the moral and intellectual reputation of those with whom they are associated. Whenever and by whomsoever these are assailed, they are defended by all the members of the community, as their common property; a general feeling of indignation is aroused against the aggressor; the insulted honor of a whole people is appealed to, and all their energies are summoned in support of the national character. The inhabitants of the United States appear, more than almost any other people, to maintain a jealous vigilance over their national reputation, and to evince an acuteness of feeling, whenever they suppose it is impugned, which may be said to form a prominent trait in their moral history. They are reproached by the nations of Europe as a boasting people; with being too much addicted to national egotism, and too prone to an overweening fondness for the advantages, natural, political, and mental, which they ascribe to themselves. If the truth of the imputation be established or conceded, it may, with some degree of propriety, be attributed more to our dread of intended encroachment, and of anticipated attack from other nations, presumed to be hostile to our interests, than to any predisposition to exaggerate our advantages. We are easily persuaded that the nature of our political institutions, because it materially differs from that of most European nations, is an object of their dislike and jealousy. We are, therefore, incessantly on our guard, to prevent apprehended aggression, and to repel whatever open charges or covert insinuations may be made against us, as a community. Thus we can discover, in our relations with foreign countries, as much precaution employed and indignation displayed by us, as a people, against encroachments upon

our moral and intellectual character, as we would evince, were our political honor and independence menaced. A perpetual animosity appears to be encouraged between the writers of our republic and those of monarchical Europe, which is to be ascribed, in part, to our excessive sensitiveness, in regard to national character; and perhaps, in some degree, to a real jealousy, cherished against us by the people of the old world. The conflict of pride, and opinion, is not committed to the great body of the people, in the countries which are thus kept at variance with each other. Were they the only active belligerents, the contest might not be so interminable as it appears to be. The connexion which is created and strengthened by commercial intercourse; the mutual interests derived from the constant interchange of opinions, and the congeniality of feeling which these induce, would, at some period, early or remote, terminate the unnatural hostility. The battle is waged by political demagogues, who would gratify their iniquitous ambition by fomenting the national antipathies which they excite, and by writers, who pervert works of professed literature to purposes of political rancor, to indulge their own splenetic inclinations, and flatter the vanity and inflame the passions of the people, who are always easily excited, when these master-springs of human action are touched. Reviews, whether occasional or periodical, departing from the just and original purpose of their institution, appear to be devoted to direct charges or insulting innuendos against the character of entire communities, which it should be their object to enlighten, and not to disparage or provoke. It is a war of opinion, not a struggle for political supremacy, which they conduct. Every page of these reviews, which casts an aspersion upon the literary or political reputation of a country, toward which the reviewers feel or affect antipathy, contains a declaration of war against its inhabitants, more to be dreaded in its practical effects, than any avowed intention of hostility that could be promulgated. The injury which it inflicts, is more deeply felt, and longer remembered, than that which is sustained from the ravages of fire and sword. The contributors of articles for these authoritative publications, should remember the responsibilities which they incur, by arousing and cherishing feelings of jealousy or hatred between nations.

Instead of encouraging such feelings, it is their duty to prevent their access, or to allay their violence. They ought to be the days-men to stand between the vindictive passions of their countrymen, respectively; the mediators, who should execute the important trust of healing the wounds inflicted upon national pride and honor, and of preserving the relations of amity in the great society of nations. They too often forget or disregard the high duties which are incumbent upon them. The charge which is preferred by one writer, produces recrimination from another, who considers himself the champion of his insulted countrymen; and a wordy war of extermination is thus begun, and carried on, without any definite purpose, and to the mutual injury of the parties. This is an evil "of great pith and moment," which demands instant redress. But it is not the only one which we may deduce from the system of distrust and jealousy, that appears to influence the conduct of our citizens and the people of some other countries, in relation to each other. The loco-motive propensities of foreigners are, by our vigilant and suspicious dispositions, made auxiliary in the great mental warfare that now exists between us and part of the elder hemisphere. Every traveller who visits our shores, with whatever design, is looked upon as a disguised enemy, come to spy out the weakness of the land, and to report our republican follies to the royal and loyal men of Europe, with all the exaggerations which hatred to free institutions, and attachment to those of despotism can invent. The solitary and inoffensive stranger is an object of general suspicion; and instead of being welcomed with generous, confiding hospitality among a people who should be anxious only to honor their character, and that of their country, by its undisguised exhibition, he is shunned as an intruder, or treated as an aider and abettor in the great plan of espionage, which is surmised to have been formed by his government or countrymen. The actual resources of the country, and the real sentiments of the people, are concealed as much as possible from his observation, lest they should be made objects of his reproach or ridicule. Every individual with whom he converses, feels himself under restraint, from an apprehension that he is to be introduced into

the volume, which the inquisitive traveller is supposed to be preparing for the press.

The productions of mind, whatever may be asserted to the contrary, are, at this moment, not considered as common property, any more than the realities of matter. It is natural and reasonable, that the orator or essayist, the poet or philosopher, should claim for himself the exclusive honor which he has acquired from his oral or written eloquence. Nations are as tenacious of their literary honors, as any individual component of them can be. We ought not, therefore, when we are reminded by the writers of other countries of their literary superiority over ourselves, to condemn them as vain egotists and selfish boasters. The assertion of this superiority has a direct tendency to render those by whom it is claimed, anxious and active to have the justice of the claim acknowledged. Emulation may effect in national literature, what it is asserted to produce among the candidates for academical honors—a mental improvement, which could not be accomplished without its influence. The memorable interrogatory, "who reads an American book?" which has given so much offence to the American people, may yet be answered with effect, by thousands of readers, who shall peruse American works of high merit, which, but for that taunting question, might never have been written, or even projected. Let us not be indignant at travellers who visit us, and depart from among us, with the conviction of our being an illiterate people, and to proclaim our inferiority in mind or matter to the more classical regions of Europe. From Mr. Ash, to the amiable duke of Saxe-Weimar, the remarks of such visiters may be confidently said to have produced upon our literary enterprise, no other than the most salutary effects. They have persuaded us to avoid faults in our literature, which may have been observed and condemned by our critical visitants. They have, perhaps, been a great incentive to intellectual activity among our thinkers and writers, and one cause of impulse to genius which it might otherwise never have felt.

The error of egotism, which is charged against us by foreign declaimers and reviewers, we have, indeed, too often committed. But egotism is an amiable fault, to which genius is frequently addicted, and which we are ready to forgive, when there are

offered as its apology, redeeming merits of the mind and heart. We are, to speak the sober truth, a little too vain of our achievements in literature. But our trans-atlantic critics are sometimes too severe in their strictures upon our writers, and indulge, rather to excess, in the very natural luxury of prejudice, in favor of themselves and their native countries. We have genius in our new world, which has already done much for our reputation, but still more remains for it to do. Our's is the land of invention—not the fairy land of fancy, where such ingenious fables as the Arabian Nights, are the ordinary products of literary leisure; but where the imagination forms happy designs, and the judgment comes to its aid, and enables it to fill up the outlines which it had drawn, and display its practical and useful inventions in their perfection. It is in this aptness for practical invention, that we excel every other people; and yet, there is among us no palpable defect of that more sublimed and refined spirit, which dictates and inspires works of a purely imaginative nature. We have given evidence enough, to convince the unprejudiced, that we are, in this country, capable of working up tales of fiction, both in prose and poetry, which would do no discredit to any part of the world, however oriental in its position or imagination. But it must in candor be admitted, that many of the flights of genius, which are adventured by our aspirants to literary renown, are too wild and unsteady to be long or well sustained. Youth, in nations, as well as in individuals, is the season when the fancy is most active and prurient; but it is not then most vigorous; nor does it, at that period, direct its efforts to the most judicious purposes. When we are upbraided with being a young people, and reminded of the modesty which is so becoming our early age, we may reply, that we have not past our few years of existence in mental indolence, or devoted them entirely to devising schemes of political grandeur, and disputing for party ascendency. Half a century, and even half that period, has witnessed the erection of some intellectual works in our country, which entitles it to an honorable name, and will endure, after some others of prouder celebrity, in more ancient countries, shall have fallen into decay. The Muse of History has called to her aid, and given inspiration to writers in the United States, whose productions have con-

ferred enviable praise on their country and themselves. We may, without the imputation of boasting, be permitted to say, that there are few countries of modern times, where, in the progress of only fifty years, a greater number of valuable historical works have been written than in our own republic. In poetry, we have not yet acquired much distinction. Our poetical writers have too often mistaken dreams of fancy for real inspirations of the Muse, and thought, because they felt the prompting sting of poetical ambition, that they were favored with a special call from Parnassus, to ascend that rugged and precipitous eminence. But we must not be so self-humbled as to deny ourselves all claim to merit in minstrelsy. We have a few minds on which the real *afflatus* has descended, and which have given sufficient testimony of their power to strike the lyre, without making it grate "horrible discord." Some of our orators have gained a traditionary reputation, as just and permanent as was ever ascribed to those of either ancient or modern times, who bore away the palm of eloquence from their contemporaries. In the senate, the forum, and the pulpit, there have been displays of American eloquence, which might bear comparison with any that Europe boasts. In works of mere fiction, we have had, and now possess laborers, who are worthy to be named with those of the proudest reputation in any age or country; not that they are superior, or even equal to a few, to whom, by general acclaim, is given the praise of excellence; but because they have done well, both positively and comparatively, in a department of literature in which it is, perhaps, more difficult to excel than in any other. The abstruse researches of science, and the sedate contemplations of philosophy, have been pursued among us with the most happy effect, and their results have redounded as much to the honor of our country, as to the advantage of mankind.

Mature investigation of our intellectual resources would convince us, that they are as rich and inexhaustible, as the treasures with which physical nature has favored us. But we must not continue in the error which is too prevalent among us, that because we are a free people, we are, therefore, destined to be more literary than others, who live under more rigid governments. Mind has, in the United States, an unbounded range; but it is that very power of excursiveness, which may,

without due caution, lead it astray from the proper subjects of its exercise, to those less perspicuous and useful, and bewilder it in the excess and variety of objects which it may discover in its uncertain wanderings. Nor ought we to be too confident in the strength which it is so often asserted to wield, among the grand and sublime scenes of nature, which it contemplates in our new world. The thoughts and sensations do indeed sympathize with the forms that nature wears, and the productions of the mind assimilate to those which she exhibits; but we must depend upon other causes than those of geographical situation and features, for the impressions which the mind should receive, and the grandeur, power and beauty of its conceptions. Lofty and rude mountains, stupendous cataracts, dense forests, and mighty lakes and rivers, are objects which may inspire us with bold ideas and sublime images. But they can teach us neither to think correctly, nor to express our thoughts with propriety, vigor and grace. It is not in regions which abound most in grand and imposing scenery, that the mind has wrought out its boldest and noblest productions. We have rock, and precipice, and water-falls enough, to satisfy the genius of Ossian himself; but he might have lived among them for a thousand years, without being prompted to the poetical works which we attribute to him, had his mind known no other impulse than they could have imparted, or received no preparatory instruction, by which he would have been enabled to feel their influence, and describe their appearances.

Whatever objections may be urged against the sensitiveness which we evince, relative to our character as a literary people, we repeat that it may produce salutary effects upon our literary efforts. The apprehension of censure, for defects in diction, style, or other properties of literary composition, may render us more anxious and careful to avoid a repetition of them, and to cultivate a purity and elegance in writing, to which, had our preceding productions in literature been entirely neglected, or uniformly praised, we might never have attained. Travellers, writers of travels, and reviewers, while they are denying to our authors all merit, and ridiculing them for the impatience with which they hear of their faults, will be exciting them more and more to improvement. As unex-

perienced soldiers are sometimes taught how to secure victory, by the very frequency of their defeat, we may be admonished by the repeated censures cast upon our false taste and weakness in literature, to shun the errors which are charged against us, and to make more strenuous and steady exertions to obtain the praise of excellence.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VAGARIES.

No. II.

STYLE-MONGERS.

Style, as well as wit, defies the crucible of analysis and the rules of definition. The perfect teachers of rhetoric hint that it differs from this quality superlative, in being susceptible of acquisition by practice and habit, just as a cockney may be taught tolerable English, by studying Lowth, and hearing the parts of speech pronounced in their purity. Wit is not only indefinable and innate, but a propensity irresistible. We might as well attempt to convince the general world that the figures of speech, employed on particular emergencies, by parson Irving and orator Phillips, are pure ciphers, as to prevent the egress of my lord Norbury's and Theodore Hook's good things from their *officina facetiæ*. The hydraulic rule, that water will find its level, is not more infallible than the proposition that wit must have its way. Like other natural productions it has its peculiar soil and climate in which it flourishes; and if transplanted, withers and droops until it dies outright, in spite of the watering and nursing bestowed upon it by the most careful mental horticulturalists. Byron's spicy sayings were never heard within the walls of St. Stephen, while they made every body stare when uttered in the Ægean Archipelago, or under the bright sun of Florence. The glorious sallies of Curran were no longer glorious when he forsook the bar, to occupy the bench or a seat in parliament. Good natured Goldsmith was witty only on post or foolscap. In his articulate phrase he was as silly as a zany; and often,

while the giants of his time were pouring out the full and clear currents of their minds around him, poor Goldy was as confused and wordless as his own modest Charles Marlow. Sheridan's richest vein of humor flowed most copiously when it was mixed with a few extra glasses of champaign. It is to be doubted whether counsellor Sampson could, beyond the limits of a law court, or without the assistance of an accommodating reporter, display any thing near the quantity of wit, which he lavished upon the mighty Dr. Mitchell in the memorable fish cause. Turn Major Mordecai off his editorial tripod, and we should have to mourn over the want of many a paragraph, which he no doubt will put upon paper, and which shall pass current for an excellent specimen of humorous genius. Even the splenetic diatribes of John of Roanoke, would lose the Attic salt wherewith they are seasoned, were they given forth within any other four walls than those of our loquacious capitol.

It is not thus with style. This is a power, or habit, or quality which depends not on any "local habitation" or transmigration, on any sun, moon or stars, or atmospherical influences, for its reality and happy exercise. It is a sturdy evergreen, that springs up as luxuriously on the rocks of the Hebrides, or the ice floes of Greenland, as from the cultured soil of Harvard or Princeton. A genuine stylist has his current of words and sentences as fluent at the uttermost pole as under the melting line; as unfrozen while his fingers are pinched by Capricornus, as when "the dog-star rages." But he is not, like the perfect wit, sent into the world, having his brain ready furnished with all the means and appliances appertinent to his calling. He does not start into life, in imitation of Cadmus' sons, or Jove's daughter, armed *cap-a-pie*, with pen and paper in either hand, prepared for intellectual adventure. It is not the enviable privilege of his mind to spring up like a fungus, on the very night in which it is sown, and astonish the world with the spontaneous efforts of its power. There is something for him to do beside restraining the vivacity of his genius, and preventing it from gaining too much strength from strong diet and active exercise. He must rise early, and lie down late; toil much, and rest none at all; he must think of tropes and figures, and dream of certain

favorite phrases and their *tournure*, if he expect to set up for himself as a master of his excellent art. Reams of paper and rivers of ink he must exhaust, in putting into unquestionable shapes the workings of his brain, before he can acquire unequivocal perfection in the mystery which he practises. It may be well enough for him, in the outset of his career, to write essays and love tales for the newspapers, to get his hand in, and form a model of style for himself. But he must be careful, in all his puttings together of words and syllables, to be *sui generis*, so that "none but himself can be his parallel;" for if he attempt to imitate Johnson or Junius, in prosaics, or Byron, Mrs. Hemans, or Percival in poetics, a thousand to one that he burlesques the two first, and parodies the three last. When he has succeeded in fashioning a reasonably uniform manner of expression, and brought his flowers of speech into something like arrangement, he should, with all possible despatch, try his strength in a regular duodecimo of tales, either "picked up by the road side," or sketched in the workshop of his imagination. By this time, he will have acquired sufficient notoriety to have his writings talked of at tea-parties and clubs of small literati, and to hear his style identified by astute critics, whenever he appears in print. If he contrive any moving incidents for a romance or a tragedy, or rack his brain to furnish forth a marvellously humorous tale, he must keep at as great a distance as convenient from Mrs. Radcliffe, Monk Lewis, and Washington Irving, or he will incur imminent peril of having it said of his books, that their plan and style mimic reasonably well those of the authors aforesaid. I cannot, in conscience, advise him to write novels, unless, indeed, he will agree to add to, alter and amend the design upon which those "stale, flat and unprofitable" productions are brought out now-a-days. It would be utterly impossible for him to avoid the charge of imitating Waverly, should he put a novel to press, founded upon any historical facts that occurred "sixty years since," especially if he introduce into its pages certain noted personages, such as courtly ladies and gentlemen, *namely*, or an old Jezebel, with terrible passions, who affects a knowledge of futurity from the planets, and can cast a horoscope with tolerable accuracy. He must ever bear

in mind, that nothing can be said or thought now, that has not been said or thought already; and that, if he wish to escape the imputation of imitation in his style, he can do it only by setting his verbal signs in a form and fashion entirely different from any modes of composition that have ever yet been thought or dreamed of. There is but one infallible way by which he can eschew the odium of plagiarism in plot or mimicry in style, and that is, by keeping his thoughts to himself, or at least, refraining from committing them to ink and paper. If, however, he is obstinately bent upon setting up for an author, let him put his wits to work, to find out some yet unknown fashion of verbal combinations, in which to array his fancies; for if he dare to place them in any shape, at all resembling that which other professed shedders of ink have given to their crotchets, he will inevitably be detected in his imperfect disguise, and have his style either identified or compared with some author, much admired, often spoken of, and rarely read. It would be, for him and all others, in similar emergency, a most fortunate discovery, by which authors might be enabled so to arrange their thoughts in black and white, that they should bear not the least resemblance in their style to any other known book-makers. If they could, when occasion required, transpose and new model their nine parts of speech, with all the points, signs and notes, thereto appertinent, so that they would even be puzzled to recognise their own works, they would find a wonderful convenience in the improvement. The genius who may, in time to come, present the writing world with such a mean of being always original, will deserve renown and wealth a thousand fold more liberal than ever rewarded Cadmus for the invention of his simple A. B. C., or Sir Walter for his library of novels and poetry.

Every body talks of literary style as familiarly as if it were a household word, and nobody seems to know what is its precise etymology and signification. From the days of Quintilian, that immortal pedagogue, to those of Blair and Campbell, rhetoricians have been excessively perplexed in endeavoring to give a satisfactory definition of style. Into every other department of the art rhetorical there has been thrown light, luminous or faint, by which its nature and purpose can be distinctly or partially discerned. But the cavity of captain

Symmes, the mysteries of the longitude, and the quadrature of the circle, are not more obscure than this matter of style has ever been. The futile attempts to define what is so palpably indefinable, exemplify the truth of the often quoted proposition that

> "All a rhetorician's rules
> But teach him how to name his tools."

Yet what the wise few cannot effect, there is sometimes given power to the unenlightened many to accomplish. There is a certain acuteness of tact, which does not obey the rules of instruction, but descends uninvoked into the mind of untutored genius; and it is this very instinctive faculty, by which so many rare favorites of nature can so readily discover the style of an author, with all its shades of difference or similitude. An accomplished style-monger traces out resemblances and apings of style with as much certainty as a slot-hound follows the deer by its scent, or a judge detects a criminal by what is termed a connected chain of clear, presumptive evidence. We may thank this sagacious style-mongery for the discovery of unnumbered ancient manuscripts, which, without the aid of its penetration, would never have been traced to their real authors, and might have lain hidden for ever among dust and cobwebs. It would be no easy matter to tell how often we have had "Junius identified" by these cunning hunters up of resemblances in the matter of style. Nothing, in the form of words, with all their innumerable links conjunctive and diversities of arrangement, can escape their keen observation. Why, to hear these adept dealers in the article of style discourse of their discoveries of certain sly and would-be-incog. authors, you would suppose that they were gifted with a fore-knowledge of whatever was to come to pass in literary exploits. They are infinitely more knowing than that inexplicable oddity the Princ eof Denmark, the limit of whose boast was, that he could tell a hawk from a handsaw, when the wind was southerly. It is their unparalleled privilege to know whose goose-quill sends forth unacknowledged literary curiosities, let the wind set in what quarter it may, and to receive infallible indications of verisimilitudes in style from all the winds that come from all the points of the compass,

The incomparable adept Dousterswivel was not more wise in discovering hidden treasure, than these inspired style-mongers affect to be in identifying writers by their peculiarity of phrase. No wielder of the magical hazel-twig ever marked by its inflections subterraneous water-streams, with a tithe of the certainty with which they trace anonymous giants of the quill to their dark caves and fastnesses *inaccessible*. We may laugh as we list at the wonderful science of phrenology, and jeer at its confident professors, for receiving more bumps on their reputation from the hard knocks of wicked satirists, than they could ever discover on the cranium of man or woman. It is a very easy matter to criticise, and not a whit less easy to ridicule the conceits of the greatest genius: but to equal his imaginings or realities—that is the nut not to be cracked between every body's teeth. Who does not know that Galileo was scouted at by the learned world, and condemned to prison and penance by the inquisition, for pretending to see farther into the stars than other people; that the philosopher who first asserted the earth to be a sphere, instead of a plane circle, was in danger of being thought a fit candidate for a lunatic asylum; that the perpetual motion was once sneered at, as though it had been no better than a yankee notion; and that even the admirable ingenuity and utility of velocipedes and hoop-petticoats have been doubted? To be wise beyond our generation, is to be envied by every surly Thersites and Diogenes, and to set all the critical dogs yelping at your heels,

> "Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,
> And curs of low degree."

But your style-mongers are only laughed at, for their high pretensions to skill in detecting literary identities, which are about as difficult of detection as it is impossible to find exact resemblances in physiognomical character, or two single ladies who do not differ in their ideas of the *beau ideal*, which they form of the beau real, whom they would be "nothing loth" to convert from his singularity. And there is reason good why such literary conjurers should be laughed at; for, like almanac-makers and match-makers, they are marvellously given to guessing at what they have no fair excuse for making affi-

davit of. Comparison of hand-writing is no legal testimony upon which to convict a prisoner; and if there should ever be two *bonâ-fide* Dromios, they would be no greater natural curiosity than two radishes precisely alike, or a writing animal, with a trick of setting down his thoughts in one invariable fashion. This is a proposition as true as any that ever Euclid invented, and as susceptible of demonstration, as it is that Zerah Colburn, with all his precocity of ciphering genius, will never make so great a figure as Cocker or Gough. It is all folly, to imagine that there is any unvarying standard of thinking set up in the mind of any given human being, to which all his mental and chirographical operations must conform. It is no less absurd to suppose, that his sensorium is so constructed as not to have a single set of spare impressions; that all his sensations and reflections are of such precise resemblance, that when they are stamped upon paper you may know them for his, as readily as you can recognise the original of a face, by its copy cut by master Hanks, or painted by Mr. Sully. There must be, I insist upon it, lights and shadows in the mind, by which its thoughts are affected—made brighter, or cast into deeper gloom. There are modes of calling up and of combining ideas, which vary or coincide according to the condition of the inner man, the particular humors and fancies that may visit him, the strength or weakness, the sluggishness or mercurial disposition of his mind, at this time or that. Words, although they make up the poetry of some famous verse-weavers of the day, and the harangues of yet more famous spouters, do not constitute style; nor can that perplexing word be defined, by examining the particular positions or transpositions of nouns, pronouns and interjections. But words are said to be the symbols and images of thoughts, and to indicate, with tolerable accuracy, the condition of the internal spirit, whether rational or imaginative; and if ideas, fancies and feelings are subject to change, their visible impressions cannot be the same at all times and in all literary perpetrations. A man—that is, a man *compos mentis*,—will not always write elegies or epitaphs, with his night-cap on, and his beard of a week's growth; and if he do now and then, in a fit of the blues, torture his brain to invent dismal rhymes, he will not put them together like strings of onions, to bring

tears into our eyes, or of bachelor's buttons, having all the same form and color. Pope did not constantly write heroics or pastorals, or, when he did write them, put into them all similar thoughts, and place these in the very same juxta-positions. We speak quite familiarly, to be sure, of the majestic measure, and soft mellifluous character of Pope's poetry; and so we speak too of L. E. L.'s delightful sentimental style, Hudibras' facetious style, and Mrs. Royall's sarcastic style. But who ever thought that if these celebrated writers had chosen to be known only as great unknowns, they could not, at pleasure, have given their thoughts to the world in such disguise, that the most cunning of all style-mongers would no more have suspected their identity, than they would ascribe the "Age of Bronze" to Byron, if his lordship had not confessed to it, or Cicero's orations to Oliver Cromwell, although that unintelligible orator had condescended to acknowledge them as his own? We are all of us as changeable in our moods as the moon, or the colors of coats and ribands, worn by ladies and gentlemen of the ton; and of such complexion as our minds at different times assume, are the thoughts which come upon us, and the livery of words in which they are apparelled. Sometimes, as on a rainy day, we are cast into the very lowest depths of the dolefuls, and then we straight imagine most melancholy things, concerning our unfortunate condition, the selfishness of the world, and how we may get out of it with all expedition, by hanging, drowning, or other summary mode of exit. When the sun breaks forth, we resume our hilarity, and sit down, "in pretty good health and spirits," to write sonnets to our "mistress's eye-brow," indulge in all the luxury of romance, and contrive how we may, with becoming gravity, get rid of the surplus feelings of delight with which our hearts are overflowing.

With all the testimony which our own feelings and the experience of our chamelion race offer for our conviction, we will talk of style—style—style, and boast of our skill in knowing the author of a novel, or poem, or a newspaper essay, "under" or "over" the signature of A or Z, by the peculiarity of his style. Only let an aspirant to glorious literary honors, venture to appear anonymously in a periodical, once or twice a year, and become celebrated as a rare proser or versifier, and

hardly shall a leaden essay, or doggrel rhyme be perpetrated upon the pages of that work, without being traced to this able correspondent. "Aye, aye, I see our young friend is out again to day. This is exactly his style." He might as well confess at once, as to have his mental limbs tortured and dislocated on the rack, by these style-mongering inquisitors. "Come, come, my dear fellow, you may as well own that you are the author of Brutus. We know your modesty; but why should you wish to conceal your merits from the world?" And thus has many an unfortunate and unpretending being, who had never been guilty of more than two or three stanzas in type, or half a column of "prose run mad," been compelled to endure the reputation of a most voluminous and classical correspondent of certain editors, not quite so celebrated as Woodfall, or so much read as Noah. Well might such a one exclaim, in the exultation which he is forced to feel, while thus bepraised for literary productions not his own,

> "Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
> When every coxcomb knows me by my style!"

LUCRETIA GRENVILLE.

"This exalted female was betrothed to Francis, duke of Buckingham, at the time that he fell in battle by the hand of Cromwell himself, and upon receiving intelligence of the melancholy event, she swore to avenge his death upon the murderer. During the three succeeding years she exercised herself with pistols, in firing at a portrait of Cromwell, which she had selected as a mark, that she might not be awed at the sight of the original; and as soon as she found herself perfect, she sought an opportunity to gratify her revenge. But Cromwell seldom appeared in public; and when he did, it was with such precaution that but few could approach his person. An occasion at length occurred. The city of London resolved to give a magnificent banquet in honor of the protector, who, either from vanity, or with a political view, resolved to make his entrance into London in all the splendor of royalty. Upon

this being made public, the curiosity of all ranks was excited, and Lucretia Grenville resolved not to lose so favorable an opportunity. Fortune herself seemed to second her purpose, for it so happened that the procession was appointed to proceed through the very street in which she resided; and a balcony before the first story of her house, yielded her full scope for putting her long premeditated design in execution.

On the appointed day she seated herself, with several female companions, in the balcony, having on this occasion, for the first time since her lover's death, cast off her mourning, and attired herself in the most sumptuous apparel. It was not without the greatest exertions that she concealed the violent emotion under which she labored; and when the increasing pressure of the crowd indicated the approach of Cromwell, it became so strong that she nearly fainted; but she recovered just as the usurper arrived within a few paces of the balcony. Hastily drawing the pistol from under her garment, she fearlessly took her aim and fired—but a sudden start, made by the lady who sat next to her, on beholding the weapon, gave it a different direction than was intended, and the ball striking the horse rode by the protector's son, killed it on the spot.

The circumstance immediately arrested the progress of the cavalcade; and Cromwell, at the same time that he cast a fierce look at the balcony, beheld a singular spectacle. About twenty females were on their knees, imploring his mercy with uplifted hands, whilst one, only, stood undaunted in the midst of them, and looking down contemptuously on the usurper, exclaimed, "tyrant, it was I who dealt the blow; nor should I be satisfied with killing a horse instead of a tiger, were I not convinced that before another twelve months has elapsed, heaven will grant another that success which it denied to me."

The multitude, actuated more by fear than by love, was prepared to level the house to the ground, when Cromwell cried aloud with the most artful indifference, "desist, my friends, the poor woman knows not what she does." And he pursued his course; but he soon afterwards caused this paragon of female loveliness and virtue to be confined in a mad-house."

I have used the poetical license in the annexed verses of killing the horse of the protector himself, instead of that of his son.

Her lover's blood was on his hand,
An unforgotten stain,
And he, the ruler of the land,
Was now her utter bane.
Her oath was registered on high,
That rest should ne'er be known,
'Till death had closed that tyrant eye,
And vengeance claimed her own.

Three years she hid that mortal hate
That scarce would brook control—
And strove those thoughts to cultivate
That fit not woman's soul—
'Till the auspicious day might break,
When fate should ope the way,
And let her famished spirit slake
Its thirst upon her prey.

The moment came, with all its pride,
Magnificence and show,—
And from her window she espied
The pageantry below.
Her weeds of wo were cast away,
And on her balcony
She stood among her train, as gay
As flowers on summer tree.

Slow rode the tyrant thro' the street,
While millions crowded near,
And clamorous shouts uprose to greet
The object of their fear.
Then Grenville's eyes grew almost dim,
Her breathing scarce was free,
When she beheld so near her, him
Whom most she wished to see.

The death shot parts—but one wild leap,
His charger is no more—
The tyrant lives on whom that sleep
Of death was meant to pour.
He turned his fierce and fiery eye,
To mark from whence it came,
And there, in unmov'd majesty,
Beheld the matchless dame.

With tearful eyes, her female band
Kneeled round her in despair,
And prayed the ruler of their land
To show his mercy there.—
But she, undaunted, midst them stood,
Scorn lurking in her eye,
And to the crowd's revilings rude,
She made this stern reply:

"Tyrant, I would have laid thee low—
The tiger was my aim—
I needs must mourn the erring blow
That made the horse my game.
But heaven will soon my wrongs redress,
And make my country free,
Granting another that success,
It has denied to me."

C. W. T.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PROGRESS OF LITERATURE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

No. III.

A WRITER* on the provincial literature of Pennsylvania, to whose researches we have been occasionally indebted in our progress, states that

"Political pamphlets and essays abounded in the years 1764 and 1765. The great question of expediency, of changing the form of government from a proprietary to a regal one, was one of the first discussed. Then came the subject of the Indian massacre in Lancaster county, and the question of the policy of the government towards this race; and lastly, the right to call upon the citizens to bear arms; and, as involved in this, the doctrine of the lawfulness of war, and the expediency of the system of government, pursued by the Quakers, were vigorously contested. The principal writers were Dr. Franklin, Joseph Galloway, John Dickinson, and Dr. Smith. Franklin opposed the proprietary interest, and, in consequence

* Notes on the Provincial Literature of Pennsylvania, by Thomas I. Wharton.

thereof, at the election in 1764, lost his seat in the house, which he had held for fourteen years. The interest which the contest excited, is proved by the number of pamphlets published on these questions. No fewer than thirteen, published in one year, [1764,] remain in the collection of the American Philosophical society. The imposition of the stamp act produced, as may be supposed, great activity in the press. The chief writer was John Dickinson, who acquired great distinction at this period, and of whose Farmer's Letters, Dr. Ramsay says, that in this work "he may be said to have sown the seeds of the revolution."

For an account of Dickinson we refer to the American Quarterly Review, for June, 1827, where also, honorable mention is made of Francis Hopkinson, who, as a satirical and facetious essayist, stands without a rival on our list of authors. His writings throw much light upon the spirit of the times, and though many were elicited by passing events, they will remain lasting memorials of his taste and literary genius. The subjects upon which he bestowed the lash, though passing, were important, and will be as familiar to after ages as to the present. We may venture to predict, without laying claim to divine inspiration, that after perusing the unvarnished detail of the historian, the reader will naturally recur to the vivid illustration of the satirist. We seldom obtain a correct view of the tone of the public mind from the pages of the historian; this is to be gathered only from the periodicals of the day, where every topic discussed appears in all its freshness, without disguise. History may be compared to the Egyptian art that preserved the body, but could not retain the spirit. We pass over the life of Mr. Hopkinson, and that of his distinguished cotemporary, Benjamin Rush, as these subjects have recently been fully treated.*

"It may surprise many to learn," says Mr. Wharton, "that there are in the city library no fewer than 459 works, printed in Philadelphia, before the revolution. Of these, 425 are original books and pamphlets, and 34 reprints of foreign books and pamphlets. Many were doubtless printed, which were never purchased for the library, and some that were in

* Lives of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, vol. 2 and 4.

the library, have been lost or destroyed. Perhaps one third might safely be added to the number in the library, which would give upwards of 600 for the number of works printed in the province."

We learn from Thomas' History,* that prior to 1775 the following newspapers appeared in Philadelphia: The American Weekly Mercury, already mentioned, which was discontinued about 1747; the Pennsylvania Gazette, conducted by Franklin, which underwent various changes, and was not discontinued until 18—; the Pennsylvania Journal, and the Weekly Advertiser, first published December 2, 1742, by William Bradford, and continued until after the year 1800, when it was discontinued; and the True American, a daily paper, was published in its stead. On the 6th of January, 1767, appeared the first number of the Pennsylvania Chronicle and Universal Advertiser, printed by William Goddard. It was ably edited, and Joseph Galloway, a delegate to the Continental Congress, from Pennsylvania, whose name is still remembered, and likely to be so, was a silent partner with Goddard; as was also Thomas Wharton, a wealthy merchant, both in the tory interest. This paper was discontinued in 1773. The Pennsylvania Packet, or the General Advertiser was first issued in November, 1771, by John Dunlap. It afterwards came into the possession of Claypoole, who, about 1784, published it daily. It was the first daily paper printed in the United States, and is still published by Mr. Poulson, under the title of the American Daily Advertiser. The Pennsylvania Ledger was commenced in January, 1775, and discontinued in May, 1778. In January, 1775, appeared the first number of the Pennsylvania Evening Post, published three times a week by Benjamin Towne, being the first evening paper printed in Philadelphia. Dr. Witherspoon is said to have written essays occasionally for this paper. It was discontinued in 1782. Towne, like many others, was a vacillating politician. He was on the side of this country, until the British army entered Philadelphia, when he conducted his paper under the auspices of the British general; but, on the city being evacuated, he again changed his ground, and printed in support of the republican

* History of Printing in America, &c., by Isaiah Thomas.

cause. This class of politicians was numerous at that particular juncture, and has not yet become quite extinct among us. In October, 1778, Dr. Witherspoon published a very humorous recantation of Benjamin Towne, which has been preserved in the works of that author. The last newspaper which it was attempted to establish in Philadelphia, prior to the revolution, was the Pennsylvania Mercury and Universal Advertiser, by Story and Humphreys. It was commenced in April, 1775, and was published weekly, until December, 1775, when all the printing materials were destroyed by fire, in consequence of which event the paper was discontinued. To this list may be added nine or ten newspapers, in the German language.

The first literary magazine ever published in the colonies, was printed and edited by Benjamin Franklin. It was entitled "The General Magazine and Historical Chronicle." The first number appeared in January, 1741; and, according to Thomas, the work was continued only six months. At the same time came out, in opposition to Franklin, the American Magazine, or a Monthly view of the British Colonies, printed and sold by Andrew Bradford. This publication was even shorter lived than its competitor; proving conclusively, that the time for periodical literature had not yet arrived. We meet with no other project of the kind, until October, 1757, when appeared the American Magazine, under the auspices of Dr. Smith, already noticed. The publication of this ceased at the expiration of one year. In 1769 a small paper, of little value, entitled the Penny Post, was published by Benjamin Mecom. His design was to print it weekly, but it came from the press in an irregular manner. The American Magazine, by Lewis Nichola, was commenced in 1769, and ended with the year. To this work were subjoined the transactions of the American Philosophical Society. The Royal Spiritual Magazine, or the Christian's Grand Treasury, was begun in 1771, and published monthly, for a few months only, by John Mac Gibbons. In January, 1775, was commenced the Pennsylvania Magazine, or American Monthly Museum, for which Thomas Paine, author of Common Sense, was one of the principal writers. It was published by Robert Aitken, upon whose authority Thomas has recorded a characteristic anec-

dote of the indolent propensities of Paine. He had engaged to furnish monthly, a certain quantity of original matter for the Museum; but it was often difficult to prevail on him to comply with his engagement.

In one of these indolent fits, while the press was waiting, Aitken went to his lodgings, and complained of his neglect. "You shall have matter in time," coolly answered the other; but the printer, entertaining doubts, insisted on proceeding immediately to business. Paine accordingly went home with Aitken, and was soon seated at a table, with writing apparatus, and a decanter of brandy, "without which," says Aitken, "he would never write." The first glass put him in a train of thinking; the printer feared the second would disqualify him, or render him untractable; but it only enlivened his mind; and when he had swallowed the third glass, he wrote with great rapidity, intelligence and precision; and his ideas appeared to flow faster than he could commit them to paper. What he penned from the inspiration of brandy, was perfectly fit for the press, without any alteration or correction. It may be presumed that his attacks on christianity were written under similar excitement.

Paine was born at Thetford, in Norfolk, in the year 1737, where he received a common English education, and was brought up to the business of his father, who was a stay-maker. By the advice of Franklin he came to America, and arrived in Philadelphia about the close of 1774. His pamphlet, entitled "Common Sense," which was written at the suggestion of Dr. Rush, appeared in January, 1776; and the legislature of Pennsylvania rewarded the author with 500 pounds. He also obtained a grant of land in the province of New York. In 1790 he went to London, and in March of the following year, excited some notice by the "Rights of Man," written in answer to Edmund Burke. This drew a prosecution upon him, and he fled to France, where he was chosen a member of the National Assembly; but in the time of Robespierre was thrown into prison, and narrowly escaped the guillotine. During his imprisonment, which continued eleven months, he finished his infamous "Age of Reason." After his liberation, in November, 1794, he wrote some political pamphlets, one of them a scandalous attack on the character of General Wash-

ington. His political writings were exceedingly popular, and beneficial to the American cause. He returned to America in 1802, and died June 8, 1809. His grave has been outraged, and his bones have been removed across the Atlantic, for political purposes. It was no uncommon practice among the ancients, to exhibit the bleeding and marred corpse of a favorite, to excite the popular fury, and it seldom failed of success; but we question whether the same combustible tendency exists in the dry bones of a disorganizing politician. The experiment, in the present instance, proved abortive. It is the first on record, and we trust that it may be the last.

Among the vacillating politicians of the eventful period of the revolution was the reverend Mr. Duché, the assistant minister of Christ church and St. Peter's, in Philadelphia. He was educated at the Philadelphia college, and was a whig, until the British army entered the city. In June, 1775, he preached a military sermon in support of the cause of the colonies; and yet, while the American army was encamped at Valley Forge, he had the presumption to write to General Washington, advising him to renounce, what he is pleased to style "a degenerate cause." The bearer of this letter was Mrs. Ferguson, a lady of considerable literary attainments, and who contributed a variety of essays, in prose and verse, to the literature of the day. On receiving a letter of this corrupt tendency, Washington, aware of the machinations then on foot to remove him, if practicable, from his station, perceived the necessity of immediately laying this extraordinary communication before Congress, which was accordingly done, and Mr. Duché left the country. He passed the remainder of his life in England, in obscurity and neglect. Graydon calls him "a weak and vain, but probably not a bad man." He is also noticed in Galt's Life of West. He published in 1774 a series of letters, under the signature of Tamoc Caspipina, and also a volume of sermons.

Duché's defection is not to be tried by the tone of thought of the present age, but by the feeling which prevailed at the important crisis, when he took the step that destroyed his earthly prospects. The world had long slumbered over the idea of the perfectability of an inherent form of government, and it reposed in the public mind like an incubus, which it

appeared impossible to shake off. A republic was pronounced unfit for the control and prosperity of a populous nation, and it was asserted that the idea could be experimented upon, with a prospect of success, only among unambitious shepherds, on the snow clad mountains of Switzerland. Such were the sentiments of some who were instrumental in revolutionizing the human mind. It cannot be supposed that all who sat in our councils, or fought our battles, during the war of independence, foresaw the happy result of the enterprise. They were sensible of their own grievances, and many contended, merely with the design to have those grievances redressed, and then to convert the sword into the ploughshare, and return to their allegiance; while others acknowledged the necessity of being disengaged from European influence, but in their patriotic dream, ribands of distinction, stars, titles and laced apparel, after the fashion of the old world, occasionally obtruded. Such men unquestionably there were, men too of enlightened minds, who did much service, and had their country's good nearest at heart; and let them not be hastily condemned for a dream of this kind. The most perfect system of civil government then upon earth was that of Great Britain. Monarchies presented themselves wherever the eye was turned, and the earth groaned beneath the weight of thrones. It would have been a bold flight of mind, indeed, to have predicted the present condition of America. The human mind may be compared to the young eagle, taken from its nest, domesticated, and its wings clipped. Never having enjoyed its wild liberty in a purer region, it remains satisfied in the haunts of man; but having once tasted of its native freedom, it is beyond the skill of man to tame the full grown bird. Our course has been through a stream of resistless light for the last half century. It has extended beyond our hemisphere, and awakened from the sleep of centuries the most restless feelings of the human mind; and there is no power on earth that can now lull it to its ancient repose.

R. P. S.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE DUMB SINGULAR.

"Then you do not approve of my plan?"

"I certainly do not."

"And pray what objections have you to it?"

"Do you really wish to know?"

"I certainly do."

"Then I will tell you, candidly, and shall expect you to listen patiently:

"*Imprimis*, your scheme is not practicable, by *you*.

"*Item*, if it even succeed, you will derive no advantage from it. And to conclude, I can discover no definite object, good, bad or indifferent, which you may wish to accomplish by its inception or consummation."

"You have given your major, minor, and a 'most lame and impotent conclusion.' According to the laws of logic, your reasoning is defective, or rather it is no reasoning at all. Your first term has no relation to the second, and the corollary is not fairly deducible from the premises. You must spread your argument upon a larger surface."

"Then lend me your ear."

"Excuse me—I had rather lend you almost any other of my personal possessions just now, for this is a flying moment; and the stage, like time and tide, waits for no man. But will you lay me a wager against my success?"

"Here is my hand. I will bet you a dozen of champaign that you do not remain dumb for the space of three months, from the moment you take your seat in the stage which is now at the door."

"The champaign is my own."

"It will be, when you have paid for it; and so, my dear fellow, *au revoir*."

This conversation was held by two young gentlemen, at a certain watering place, in one of the western states, and at the hurried juncture which is always occasioned by the impatience of the mail-coach Jehu, when he is about to commence his contest with time, or rather with the turnip-shaped meter of minutes and seconds which he carries in his fob.

Edward Wharton was a young gentleman of fortune, liberal education, fine genius, and vivacious temperament. From early youth, it had been his invariable rule to consult, in his intercourse with what is called the world, his own sense of reason and right, in preference to the equivocal oracles of fashion and custom. The unreserved expression of his warm and joyous emotions was received with the frown of haughty indignation, the cold, repelling look of indifference, or the condescending smile of compassion, for the unfashionable ignorance to which it was ascribed. There were some who admitted, with that hesitating tone and manner which denote a reluctance to speak of the worth of others, lest it may detract from their own, that he was "a youth of respectable talents." Others, remembering the days of his boyhood, and the familiarity with which they had been accustomed to treat him, were not to be persuaded that the little chubby-faced urchin, whom they had so often seen engaged in his childish gambols, could, by any process of industry or any gift of genius, have started up into an intellectual man. They were reluctant to think that he had any *right* to be superior to themselves, in qualities, the value of which they could not appreciate, or to which they thought they had a claim equal to his own. Yet, in defiance of their resolution to feel themselves *as good as other people*, there was something within them which reminded them of their inferiority to the *school-boy genius*. That they might alleviate the pain which this feeling gave them, they were careful to avoid all open acknowledgment or admiration of his merit, and to speak to him, and of him, in the familiar, short phrase, which manifested their determination to keep him down to their own level.

In his intercourse with female society, Wharton was especially thought to deviate from long arranged and venerable rules, laid down for the direction of the sex masculine. On early acquaintance, he was pronounced by one and all of them "a fine young man;" and innumerable were the solemn councils around the tea-table, in which his passing merits were discussed and admitted by Miss and Matron. This favorable impression, produced at the introduction, and continued through half a dozen visits, was not unfrequently succeeded by one not quite so flattering. He lacked those little indefinable graces—at

least such was the bruit—which give such exquisite finish to the character of the genuine ladies' man. In his association with the gentle ones, he was not deficient in politeness. It was admitted that he was sufficiently polite, and attentive to all the observances required, absolutely, for free ingress to the fair circle, and a reasonable share of smiles while there. But there was nothing in his speech or manner which betokened entire devotion to the divinities—the "superserviceable zeal," which reigning toasts exact, and even moderate belles expect. It was the opinion of not a few grave and discreet matrons and prudish spinsters, that the young gentleman was too general in his politeness to their sex; that he visited too many young ladies, without being "particular in his attentions" to any; that he was only trifling and coquetting with their hearts; that it was high time he should be more definite in his intentions; that so universal an admirer was worse than no admirer at all; and finally, that unless he should indicate, speedily, a preference for somebody, he ought to be frowned upon by every body, and have every door at which he called, within which was a lady between two certain ages, shut outright in his face. These suggestions were whispered and nodded far and wide, among the circle of his lady-acquaintance, and were not unheeded by many a fair one, to whom he had sometimes "bowed, but never talked of love." Cold looks and equivocal smiles were the salutations with which he was now favored by ladies fair, and ladies plain, and ladies so-so, who once greeted him with gracious welcome. Unwilling to subject himself to slight or insult, from man or woman, he discontinued his visits at the houses of those prudent parents who had warned their daughters against him, as one who possessed too extensive an acquaintance among the ladies, to be supposed to have any other design in visiting them than that of whiling away a tedious hour. He contracted the circle of his female acquaintance, until it was composed of a very few, whom he had selected as the most agreeable and intelligent. It was soon remarked by the note-takers of the time, who watched him attentively, that he was very assiduous in his visits to certain families, and that he certainly had determined to become "settled for life." Certain significant hints, given him by mothers and aunts, apprized him of the situation in which he

was placed, in relation to their daughters and nieces; and he was made to understand by more than one brother of his reputed beloved, that he must, at once and unequivocally, declare the intention of his visits, or discontinue them, without farther notice.

Among the young ladies whom Wharton sometimes visited, was Miss Celestina Bloomfield. In the character of Celestina there was just sufficient good sense to ballast her imagination, and prevent it from being upset, or carried headlong to insanity, by the furious gales of romance and sentiment by which it was assailed. She was a passionate admirer of the doughty knights and fair heroines who figure to so much advantage on the pages of romantic legend. She had pored so long and so intently over the moving tales of love, which are related by the ingenious contrivers of fictitious history, that she lived in a world quite different from that of which she was a native. It was not, then, to be wondered at, that the least attention evinced toward her by a gentleman of prepossessing appearance and address, should be construed by Celestina into the most devoted attachment. The naturally warm, impassioned manner which Wharton displayed in his intercourse with those whom he deemed at all worthy of his attention, was mistaken by this victim of sensibility for positive evidence of his exclusive attachment to herself. Devotion so pure and fervent as, to her credulous imagination, appeared to be felt for her by the handsome Edward, she had not the cruelty to treat with indifference. Her tone of voice, her manner, her looks, whenever he was in her presence, or she heard his name mentioned, all gave indication of the preference which she felt, and was not unwilling to exhibit in his favor. Pragmatical gossip, as in duty bound, was busy in inventing most veracious tales concerning the mutual fondness of the two lovers, and of their approaching nuptials. When these were heard by Wharton, he treated both them and their circulators with the same indifference which he had evinced in regard to other rumors, of equal veracity, on the subject of his asserted *penchant* for certain fair spinsters, with whom he had chanced to talk, or walk, or dance a cotillon. The fair Celestina, however, continued to show him the most palpable proofs of her preference, until they became so much the subject of

remark, that he resolved to leave the place of his residence for some distant spot, until her "too susceptible heart" should be estranged from him, or given over to some other object of its passion. He therefore visited, early in the summer of ———, the watering-place, where the conversation related at the opening of this tale occurred. Even here, however, it was his fortune not to be exempted from the persecutions of Celestina. She came to the same place of fashionable resort, under pretence of declining health, and there commenced a new series of smiles and blushes in his behalf. He bore the trial with all becoming fortitude, but felt that its endurance much longer would be beyond his utmost strength. He had profited much from the lessons which he had been taught by experience, and was determined to control the vivacity of his feelings, which had betrayed him into misfortunes, against which a more deliberative temperament might have secured him. He was resolved to be more circumspect in time to come—not less candid, but more careful in the avowal of his feelings, the unreflecting declaration of which had caused him so much mortification and uneasiness. But his constitutional sprightliness would come upon him, and destroy all his plans of prudent reserve, and of cautionary vigilance over his social propensities. As a last and desperate expedient, he formed the resolution of visiting some remote part of the western country, where he was unknown, and would not have the same powerful inducements for the indulgence of his frank disposition which had hitherto influenced its gratification. He would there remain in comparative retirement, and keep a seal on his lips, which nothing should remove, until after a certain period of probation. He would thus at once test his power over his elasticity of feeling, and obtain at least a temporary release from the assiduities of the lady who insisted upon an exclusive interest in his heart, although he had given her no word or look which indicated its prepossession in her favor.

Soon after the summer solstice, in the year ——, the mail-coach stopped at the door of a hotel which fronted one of the principal streets of a large town in one of the western states.

"Make way there for the passenger," exclaimed Whip, in a tone of voice not unlike the rumbling of his crazy vehicle. He opened the door of the carriage, and a gentleman made his

egress to the pavement, across which, after considerable exertion, he forced his way through the unaccommodating crowd that surrounded him, to the threshold of the door leading into the main passage of the hotel. From the respectable appearance of the stranger and his abundant baggage, the innkeeper was induced to believe that he would be a profitable guest. He was, therefore, much disappointed when the gentleman beckoned to the conductor of a dray that was passing at the moment, and intimated, by signs, his wish to have his trunks removed from the tavern.

"Where are they to go, sir? To the river, I reckon," said the bustling carman. "I'm thinking there's ne'er a steamboat at the wharf just now, and if there was, the river's too low, any how, to carry it very far."

The stranger was already half a square in advance of the garrulous drayman, whom he directed, by signs, to follow him. After traversing several streets, with a rapid pace and an abstracted air, he suddenly stopped before a boarding-house in ——— street, kept by Mrs. Brewster. To knock loudly at the door, open it, without waiting to have his summons answered; enter the front parlor, take his seat at a piano which was open there, and sound the notes of "Auld Lang Syne" with great vivacity, were all the incidents of a moment. A middle-aged female, hearing the knock at the door and the music from the piano, hastened into the room where the stranger was so suddenly domesticated, and, with much surprise depicted in her countenance, inquired the object of his visit to her house. He rose, with so much precipitation, as to overthrow the chair on which he had been seated, and the music book that stood before him; ran to the door, leading, or rather dragging the lady with him, pointed to his baggage, then up the flight of stairs that stood in the passage, and, by a hurried gesture, ordered his baggage to be conveyed into the boarding house. The lady was surprised at the strange conduct of her visiter; but as she understood from his gestures that he wished to become a boarder in her house, she soon recovered from her amazement. Imagining that the gentleman was dumb, and that a heavy ear is always the concomitant of a speechless tongue, while she forgot the ordinary tone in which she had at first addressed him, and the promptness of

the action by which he had replied, she placed her lips close to his ear, and vociferated in her loudest key—

"O yes, sir, you can have a very good room with three beds in it, in the third story. I charge two dollars and a half a week for boarding and lodging, and two dollars, if you sleep out."

The stranger shook his head, with symptoms of dissatisfaction, intimating that he wished to have but one bed, in a room appropriated to himself alone, and that situated no higher than the second story.

The whole town of ——— was soon busied with the story of the silent gentleman, and the story itself, in imitation of other legends, that have a cast of novelty about them, became more and more interesting, in proportion as the subject of it lengthened out the chain of conjecture, without attaching either of its extremities to a point from which his real history might be authentically traced. Surmises innumerable, and of endless variety were heard, as to the name, circumstances, rank and intentions of the taciturn being, who had come among a plain, business-doing people, without having any visible occupation, and who lived in genteel idleness, without giving the least hint whence he derived his apparently ample income. Mrs. Brewster declared that she had never once been compelled to remind him that he was in arrears for boarding. The femme-de-chambre said that he would be a sweet gentleman, if he were not so tongue-tied, and would not make such vinegar faces when she went into his room "to put things to rights." The cook insisted that he was the least particularest person in his diet, that she had ever seen in her born days; that she'd rather boil and roast for him than for any gentleman she had ever been acquainted with; and that it was a great pity such a nice, genteel man should be deprived of the blessing of talking. Even the ebony face of Cudjo, the boot-polisher, was lighted up with a joyous smile, and his leaden eye glistened with unwonted lustre, when he presented his weekly account to his generous customer, and had it signified to him that he might retain the balance, for which he affected to search his pocket, and was "berry sorry" he had "no small change to gib massa."

The restless curiosity to which we are all so prone, was

continually urging all and singular of Mrs. Brewster's household to pierce the mysterious cloud that obscured the mute unknown. Many a sleepless hour was passed, and many a domestic duty neglected, in the absorbing anxiety to have the perplexing mystery unfolded. But the most important queries to be solved were, whether the "dumb gentleman" was singular or plural in his condition; whether, if singular, he was an *old* bachelor; if married, why he remained apart from his wife; and if a widower, whether he had any intention of entering again into the matrimonial contract. A few weeks after he had become the guest of Mrs. Brewster, a letter, without a post mark, was brought to him from the post-office, during the reading of which he appeared to be much agitated, as he paced the floor of the little front parlor, with wonderful rapidity. The lady hostess thought this a favorable opportunity for discovering the mighty secret of which she had so long wished to be possessed.

"That is from your lady, I presume, sir?"

He held up one finger and shook his head, as much as to say, "I am singular."

"I hope that you have not been disappointed, Mr. ———, really I do not recollect your name—in the expectations which induced you to visit our place."

Answered, silently, in the affirmative.

"I presume that you brought letters of introduction to some of our most respectable citizens. Strangers who come here well recommended, are generally treated with great attention."

He took from his pocket-book a large roll of new bank notes, which he displayed with the air of one who considered them as the best commendatory letters.

From the time that Mrs. Brewster had ascertained that the stranger was unconjugated, she was careful to remind him frequently of the great advantages of matrimony, and to speak in favorable phrase of the young ladies of the town of ———, among whom, she affirmed, there were "a great many fine ga'als, and handsome ones too," whose acquaintance she would, by all means, advise him to acquire and cultivate. She was especially solicitous that he should be on friendly terms with her own six buxom daughters, and was "instant in sea-

son and out of season" in endeavouring to prevail on him to join the little family circle in her front parlor, and "hear the ga'als play a few pieces on the piano." The ga'als, themselves, were quite as anxious as their mamma could be, that the handsome mute should "make himself at home in their house." Little "accidentals" were frequently contrived at Mrs. Brewster's, and at the houses of her young female acquaintance—who were excessively desirous of being introduced to the "strange gentleman,"—to which he was most particularly invited. He, however, declined accepting all the polite invitations which their gilt-edged notes, written in the prettiest crow-quill hand imaginable, continued to offer him.

On a certain day, the date of which need not now be specified, a loud knock was heard at the front door of Mrs. Brewster's *Pension*. A female servant answered the call, and was abruptly requested by a young lady in a riding habit to inform Mr. Wharton that she wished to speak with him on particular business. The girl informed her that no gentleman of that name boarded with Mrs. Brewster. The lady was positive that he was one of the boarders, and at that moment in the house. The domestic insisted that the lady was mistaken, and the lady was just as confident that she was correct in her assertions. The altercation became so loud and violent, as to attract the attention of Mrs. Brewster, her six daughters, and all her servants; and while the irritated girl who had been a party to it retired for a moment from the door, to consult her mistress on ulterior measures in relation to it, the lady in the riding habit very unceremoniously entered the front parlor, in which the stranger happened at that instant to be, alone. What was the precise purport of her abrupt visit, or the subject of her inquiry there, none of the family or servants could distinctly ascertain, by the closest application of their eyes and ears to the key-hole. It is certain, however, that she remained in the room at least thirty minutes; that, while she was there, a female voice was heard, almost without intermission, and in the most obstreperous tones, and that it was not once replied to by the dumb oddity. One or two of the domestics thought that the lady insisted upon the performance of some engagement, the nature of which they could not distinctly ascertain, and that she sobbed several times, as if in great perturbation. It is a well

attested fact that, at the expiration of the time just mentioned, she came out of the front room and left the house, much agitated, or, as one of the abigails of the establishment expressed it, "in a despert flurry, and her eyes terrible red."

Who could this provoking mystery be, and how should satisfactory replies to the why, what and wherefore, concerning him, be obtained? It was the unanimous opinion of Mrs. Brewster, her six daughters, and all her servants, that his name was Wharton; for the lady in the riding habit had inquired for Mr. Wharton, and addressed herself to the gentleman in the front parlor, as if she had identified him with the individual who bore that name. But other more momentous particulars were palpably obscure. He must, it was believed, be fond of music, for he had played the air of Auld Lang Syne when he first came to the boarding-house, and a violin had undoubtedly been seen by one of the servants, on a table in his room, where he kept himself almost constantly secluded, avoiding as much as possible all intercourse with the other inmates of the house. With his long beard, uncombed locks, and black, rusty barcelona, tied in a careless knot about his neck, he was an excellent representative of the solitary tribe of which he was believed to be an item. His time was, according to the critical observation of the female inquisitors, who held him in rigid *surveillance*, principally occupied with his violin and his books. When wearied with their society, he would light his cigar, throw himself back in his chair, place his feet against the jamb of the chimney, and remain, for hours together, involved in smoke and abstraction. His pedestrian exercise was limited to a rapid promenade through his apartment, or sometimes in the parlor below stairs. With his hands clasped behind him, he would continue, at a light, hurried pace, to course the floor, as if he was walking for a wager. Strange noises were often heard to issue from his chamber, and the ceiling below would then tremble, as if shaken by an earthquake. The domestics, under pretence of being remarkably fond of music, would stand for hours at the door of his apartment, listening to the odd sounds that were then and there heard, and now and then venture to take a peep through the key-hole. They reported most marvellous things concerning his behaviour, which, to be sure, was "no busi-

ness of" theirs. After having measured the entire length of his room, at double quick step, for an hour or more, he would suddenly stop, and remain motionless as a statue for several minutes, with his forefinger applied to the side of his nose, and his head bent forward in the attitude of profound musing. Then, with the agility of a rope-dancer, he would break out into a lively hornpipe, cut pigeon-wing in the most modern style, twirl round and round like a top, and perform such antic gyrations and perpendicular leaps, that his observers were convinced he must be out of his wits. Sometimes he would trace with chalk, strange and complex lines on the floor, which he would follow, "on light fantastic toe," with great precision and rapidity. The frequent repetition of this saltatory evolution could, by no exertion of ingenuity, through a long season of doubting, be accounted for by the amazed domestics. One of the most sagacious among them was at length convinced that she had solved the perplexing problem. She pronounced, with a knowing tone and look, that, after all, she believed the tongue-tied gentleman was nothing but a dancing-master; for if he was not a teacher of that disparaging art, why did he always wear pumps, play on the violin, and practise so many odd steps? Great was the consternation which the dissemination of the ingenious Miss Kitty's opinion excited among the old ladies and young Misses of the town of ———. They were absolutely struck almost as dumb as the dumb gentleman himself, with pure surprise, or more probably with vexation, at having been so long the dupes of a paltry dancing-master.

"A dancing-master!" screamed the sentimental Miss Arabella Rosemary, who had been very assiduous in her visits to Mrs. Brewster's ever since the arrival of the interesting mute in the town of ———. "A dancing-master!" echoed the prudent mothers of half a score of town belles—"well, who would have thought it? Bless me! how careful one ought to be in forming one's acquaintance!" How many "I told you so's," and "I knew how it would be's" were uttered by the wise seers, who anticipate events, without foretelling them until they have come to pass, it were vain to inquire, and profitless to tell. It may, however, be satisfactory to the curious inquirer after rare news, to learn that from the time of this alarming discovery, no more cards of invitation were left at Mrs. Brews-

ter's, requesting the pleasure of Mr. ———'s company at Mr. ———'s, to dinner, or Mrs. ———'s evening party.

Not many days had passed since this important denouement, when the sheriff of ——— county waited upon Mrs. Brewster's speechless boarder, with a certain imperative note of invitation, termed in law parlance an original writ, issued at the instance of Miss Celestina Bloomfield, against Edward Wharton, Esq. This lady was obstinate in her belief that the aforesaid Edward had, at a certain time and place, made her a direct promise of marriage, and she had traced him to his present place of residence, to exact its performance. On consulting with Phineas Dogget, Esq. a noted bearer of the green bag, then in full practice in the courts of ——— district, she had been advised that she could have her action against the faithless Edward, for a breach of marriage promise. The writ required bail in two thousand dollars, and the defendant marked his appearance to the suit, as his own counsel. The declaration, drawn with all legal formality by the learned pettifogger aforesaid, ran, *todidem verbis*, that "Edward Wharton, late of, &c. yeoman, was summoned to answer Celestina Bloomfield, of, &c. spinster, in a plea of trespass on the case, &c. Wherefore," &c. and concluded, "to the damage of the said plaintiff, $5000, wherefore she brings suit," &c. The plea and replication were duly entered; the suit was put at issue; and, by consent of parties, was to be brought to trial without farther notice, the legal rule by which it might have been postponed a certain number of terms, being waived. Meantime, it was unanimously agreed by the grand gossipping inquest, inquiring in and for the body of the town of ———, that the said Edward was a suspicious personage; that he had inflicted a gross outrage on the feelings of the poor young lady, and that she was justly entitled to large damages from her wrong-doer. It was farther declared, that he was a dangerous member of society, and that he ought to be watched with strict vigilance. The other boarders of Mrs. Brewster were well satisfied that he was engaged in some nefarious designs. They thought it high time that some legal process should be instituted against him. It was shrewdly suspected that he belonged to that numerous class of gentlemen at large, who, in the quaint language of the old English law, "wake on the

night, and sleep on the day, and haunt customable taverns and ale-houses, and routs about, and no one wot whence they come, ne whither they go." Mrs. Brewster was seriously alarmed at the allegations which her boarders brought against her singular guest, and still more so, when they intimated to her that unless he were at once dismissed her house, they would, one and all, withdraw from it themselves. Affairs were in this posture when it was suddenly agreed by these circumspect gentlemen, that their suspicious fellow-lodger was, beyond all doubt, a counterfeiter. He always paid his bills with bank-notes, which were perfectly new. His seclusion in his room, his silence, which they conjectured was voluntary, and his singular conduct altogether, convinced them that he was a manufacturer of spurious paper. The accusation soon became known to Miss Celestina Bloomfield, in whose sensitive mind it excited great and anxious misgivings. She was ignorant of the reputation which Wharton's family sustained, for they resided at a distance from the place where she had first known him. She had believed him to be personally respectable, and possessed of considerable property. But she might have been erroneously informed. His sudden departure from the place in which she had first seen him, was singular; and his sudden exit from the ——— mineral springs still more inexplicable. The inviolable silence which he maintained, and which she knew was voluntary; the perfect retirement in which he now lived; the rumors that were abroad respecting him—all excited her doubts, and caused her to waver in her resolution of compelling him to become her matrimonial partner, or pay the penalty of his violated faith. Her delicate sensibility was shocked at the thought of being united to a man on whom rested such suspicion as attached to Wharton. One powerful struggle between her lingering fondness and her fear of disgrace, and victory declared in favor of the more prudent feeling. She directed Phineas Dogget, Esq. to discontinue her suit, paid the costs which had accrued upon it, and, precisely one hour and ten minutes thereafter, left the town of ——— for ever.

Legal means were in agitation for the arrest of Wharton, on the charge of making and uttering certain false, forged, and counterfeit instruments, called bank-notes, when they were

suddenly, themselves, arrested, by the interference of several gentlemen of high respectability, residing in the town of ——. These gentlemen had received from unquestionable sources, letters recommendatory of Edward Wharton, who was supposed to be on a visit to the town where he then actually was, and the writers of which solicited for him, from their correspondents, the polite attentions of which he was declared to be in all respects most worthy. In what manner or by whom this information as to the place of his sojourning, was communicated to the writers of these friendly missives, no record or verbal tradition relates. It is, however, probable that it was conveyed by Wharton himself to the inditers of the seasonable epistles, for the purpose of obtaining responsible compurgators of his character. Or it might have been given by his friend, with whom he had laid the wager herein mentioned, and who might very naturally have supposed that a few letters of recommendation from honorable men would be of some service to a sojourner in a strange land. Howsoever or whatsoever the fact may be, the veritable history of the time testifies that these letters were the cause of Wharton's escape from menaced durance, as well as from the more fearful evils of gossip-slander and presumptive guilt.

While domiciliated at the respectable house of Mrs. Brewster—which is now recommended to all who may, in time to come, visit the town of ———, Wharton was often observed examining, with great attention, a small pocket-calendar, bound in red morocco and handsomely gilt. It chanced, on a day when he appeared to be unusually restless, and was pacing the floor of the memorable front parlor, in the house of Mrs. Brewster, with long and hurried step, one hand behind his back, and the other holding his little calendar, that he turned over one of its leaves, looked at it with an equivocal sort of smile, and stood for an instant as motionless as if he had been a marble statue. The hostess and her six daughters, who were, by pure accident, no doubt, in the room at that identical moment, stared at him with infinite amazement, and were about to inquire the cause of his apparently pleasant feelings. At that very instant, like one touched by a shock from an electrical machine, he bounded from the floor, until his head almost reached the ceiling, made three circumvolutions before

he returned to the floor, exclaimed, "I have won my wager!" and flew up to his chamber, as if possessed of an evil spirit. The next day, an elegant carriage, drawn by four dashing bays, stopped at the front door of Mrs. Brewster's house. The baggage of Edward Wharton, Esquire, was, with all despatch, placed behind it; he entered it himself, in great haste, and it was drawn off, at a brisk trot, before more than two or three scores of quid nuncs had time to assemble around it, admire its splendor, and envy the good fortune of its possessor. Long, and often repeated, are the tea-table and street-corner colloquies held, even to this day, in the town of ——, on the subject of the "Dumb Singular," and many a gordian knot, which was found in his history, and which all the wisdom of the colloquists could not untie, was summarily cut by the two-edged sword of conjecture. E.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ODE.

Progress of the Mechanic Arts.

What were the boundless store
That fills the liberal lap of earth,
What all the mines of golden ore,
Or dazzling diamond's worth—
The beauteous gems, creation wore,
When joyously to life she sprang,
And angel choirs, enraptured, sang
The wonders of her birth—
What were they all, if left unwrought
By Genius, with ecstatic skill?
If master minds had never sought
To wield them, at their will?

Forth, from the dark, mysterious mine,
The treasury by nature formed,
Inventive Art,
Whose power divine
By a resistless ray was warmed,
From heaven's inspiring shrine,
Bade all the hidden min'rals start.

Each sluggish mass, uncouth and rude,
By potent touch, the Enchantress changed;
Each form with loveliness endued,
As through the subterranean realm she ranged.
And, while her glowing fingers traced
The lines, her skill etherial graced,
Each shapeless heap,
From old Oblivion's caverns deep,
With secret spell she drew:
The breathing statue and the gilded vase,
Arose at her creative word:
In ocean-cave,
On mountain high,
Round which the Tempest Spirits rave,
And Heaven's own throne defy,
That voice her plastic subjects heard,
And sprang, at once, to view.

Supernal Power! thy blissful sway
Is o'er the world of Mind!
Tyrants and Bigots—what are they,
Against thy might combined?
In vain they struggle, to arrest
Thy triumph-march, through Time;
They strive in vain,
To wind their chain
Round hearts, which thou hast blest.
That chain is rent—through every clime,
In valley deep, on height sublime,
Thy empire is confest.

On human life, benignant Art!
Thy bounteous hand bestows
A gift divine, to charm the heart,
And sooth its deepest woes:
To human thought thy smiles impart
A cheering light,
That pierces superstition's night,
And ever, as it flies, more brightly glows.
From thee Invention learns to take
Her fearless flight to distant shores,
The fetters of the mind to break,
And bear it with her, as she soars;
And as she springs,
On daring wings,

O'er sea, and continent, and isle,
The light she sheds
Brighter and farther round her spreads.
Far flies the intellectual gloom,
While arid rock and desert bloom
Beneath the influence of her radiant smile.

By thee to daring deeds impelled,
The aëronaut assumes his flight,
And, on aërial pinions held,
Sports in the realms of purest light.
To thee, Celestial Power! we owe
The vap'ry giant, who, with force
More than Briarëus e'er could show,
Propels the vessel on its course,
And wields the pond'rous beam—
The power that shames
The loftiest claims
That bloated Pride may boast below—
The airy monster—many-handed Steam!
And yet a greater, nobler power
The Press o'er human fate can wield,
A might, to which, in haughtiest hour,
Despots must humbly yield.
In records, deeper than are traced
On marble, or enduring brass,
Its matchless power the mind transcribes.
The pyramids to dust may waste,
Their memory to oblivion pass,
Or be the theme of idiot gibes—
But thou! preserver of the thought
That breathes upon the classic page,
Thou! that enshrin'st the honors sought
By patriot and gifted sage,—
Thou shalt survive the ling'ring fall
Of monuments, to great ones reared;
The names of kings—of empires—all
That glory hath to earth endeared—
The laurell'd victor of each passing age.

E.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE ELBOW-CHAIR.

And twilight came in garb of sober gray, and the whistling wind seemed to have paused as it career'd o'er the sunny hills of France, and to have imbibed deeply the fumes of the wine-press of Burgundy; for as it rushed around the western angle of our study, it wantonly frolicked among the window-shutters, driving them forward and back in its wild vagaries, and every key-hole in the house rivalled the Æolian harp. At that moment were we sitting in regal, nay, philosophical luxuriance in our Elbow-Chair, which, under plea of admiration for the antique, but, we confess, with a lurking view to our own peculiar ease and satisfaction, we had made by West, after the celebrated *fauteuil* of Geoffrey Gambado, Esq. On this well stuffed seat have arisen our highest poetical ideas; for the wanton neglect of which, by the present giddy age, we console ourself with the comfortable assurance, that our merit, like that of Shakspeare, will be appreciated by discerning posterity. And to thee also, do not we owe our fortunate escape from the snares of Cupid?—and when, on a calm frosty evening, not discovering a single false note in the performance of "dolce concerto," and hanging, with delicious tenderness, over the melting tones of "days of absence," we fondly imagined we had a responsive sigh from the bosom of Charlotte; so vivid became our anticipations of connubial bliss, that, pleading a hurried engagement, and hinting at our probable return, we rushed homewards to make preparation for the final question; in other words, to perform, on our own person, that operation which was of yore duly administered to the bearded messengers of the king of Israel; on our route, however, disturbing the equipoise of an unfortunate muffin-boy, and discovering, from the crowd of wondrously edified urchins, who accompanied our meteor-like transit, that our hatless head was exposed to the blasts of Boreas.

As we smoothed our chin, and *mentally* congratulated ourself after the operation, the involuntary occupation of the Elbow-Chair, and the warmth and splendor of the radiant coal, assisted by the howling of the wind, gave time for a more cool

development of ideas; and as the brilliant execution of the variations existed but in imagination, we remembered that Charlotte's foot was any thing but Chinese, and the soft voice that touched the heart in "absence," was as a dream before the perfect recollection of certain domestic objurgation of higher tone. The process of reaction was still more rapid as we glanced at the dusky carved mahogany over our head, and as a denunciation of tobacco arose in all the fearful distinctness of guilt, we regretted having left our Lindsay on the piano of the fair charmer, and Hymen wept as we took his torch to light one of our "Dos Amigos."

How often, when wearied with existence, when heart-rending agony has come over our soul, on the reception of the fifth lie of our boot-maker, have we turned to our Elbow-Chair, and there, after duly consigning the worthy artist to Hades, forgotten, in the rapt enjoyment of the nicotian weed, all our woes.

Fiercely, however, blew the gale, and as it increased in violence, we gazed complacently on the pyramid of glowing anthracite, inwardly exulted in our Baccalaureate, and stroking our chin, as is our wont, thought much and profoundly. Intensity of thought soon produced a corresponding physical effect, until, like the renowned lords of Manhattan, we became entirely enveloped in a grateful cloud. How long we had continued in this deep meditation is uncertain, when suddenly rose before our astonished vision a decayed old gentleman, supporting himself on crutches, and sneezing violently. In his right hand he held a mirror of singular form, and in his left a crystal goblet sparkling with Madeira, the exquisite odour of which indicated at least three voyages. "I am," said he, and excessive sternutation interrupted him, "the Genius of Posterity. In this mirror you will see the state of mankind in the year 1900." Then raising the goblet, "drink! favored mortal," exclaimed he, "of the cup of futurity!" Hardly had our eager lips touched the sparkling draught, when it seemed to be converted to a mass of living coal; and dashing it to the ground, we rubbed our eyes, and discovering before us the end of a cigar still smoking, conjectured, from the adust condition of our under lip, that for once the tables had been turned, and we had been smoked by a cigar.

Let Harry R. boast of his fine Arabian, and exultingly point out the beauties of Mohammed; let the sapient and spectacled Dr. Dibdin tumble over children, wheelbarrows, and ancient ladies, as, absorbed in the perusal of a newly acquired veritable Caxton, he homeward wends his way; let young Philip Heartly swear by all the gods he is the happiest fellow in existence, ejaculating responsively to your observations on the extremely unpleasant state of the weather, "charming creature," while the ardent gaze of his laughing eye, and amatory pressure of his hand, sufficiently betoken the nature of his reverie. Let aunt Rebecca calmly admire Washington Square, and her niece Clara fondly weep over the sorrows of lady Fitzhenry; yet, in our impartial, unbiassed opinion, a snug, well stuffed, comfortable Elbow-Chair bears the palm of solid happiness. Harry, in fact, performed at a review on Bush-Hill, a marvellous gyration from the back of the fiery "child of the desert," a display not likely to result from the gambols of an Elbow-Chair, and consequently suggesting comparisons favorable to the latter. Dr. Dibdin's enjoyment may, in some measure, be compared to our own, inasmuch as, next to a good cigar, we relish an old book, have been known to forsake our cloud-enveloped throne in pursuit of an Elzevir, and still pique ourself on the possession of a superb Wynkin de Worde. Since the lady in the Chaperon Rouge has promised Philip to be his, all comparison at present would be laughed at, and it were better to leave the man in the enjoyment of his own fanciful bliss. Aunt Rebecca will meet a reasonably keen north-wester in the aforesaid square; and Clara is at this moment blessing the old lady for not permitting her to finish "Marriage in High Life."

All things duly considered, we feel very little disposed to depreciate our own peculiar comforts, preferring to the society of the fashionable and gay, the wonted occupation of our Elbow-Chair, from which you will hear again from

I.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Western Souvenir, for 1829, *edited by James Hall, Cincinnati.* Published by N. & G. Guilford.

Souvenirs are better speculations than Arcades. The good people of Pittsburg, some time ago, expressed an intention of "getting up" one of the latter vanities of human life; but we think they have done better by relinquishing the design. It is, indeed, apprehended that a heavy fall of snow would so darken objects placed beneath the roof of an arcade, that, with such a covering, it would be difficult even for Mr. Peale himself, to distinguish between a mammoth and a mouse, though placed in juxta-position, by way of contrast; and we are sure that, unless the inhabitants of the city of Pittsburg could be persuaded to relinquish their most profitable calling, the glassy roof of its arcade would soon be reduced to a very inconvenient state of opacity, by the falling soot. We congratulate them on their second thought; and with no less sincerity do we congratulate the people of Cincinnati on the publication of the Western Souvenir.

The exterior of this first-born of the literary trifles of Ohio has all the appearance of an eastern dandy. It has the air rather of a Broadway or Chesnut street Corinthian, than of a country bumpkin, who has visited us, for the first time, to show our sea-board aristocracy what sort of a production can be turned out amongst the woods. The binding is quite the thing—fine silk maroon, with letters of glittering gold. The paper is equal at least to the average of that used in Christmas presents. The type is handsome, the typography correct, and the impression clear. Some portions of the letter press are paler than others; a variation which is injurious to the general beauty of the work. The plates form a very important department in Souvenirs. The specimens exhibited in the volume now before us, are tolerably executed. The best engraving is that of the figure of the Peasant Girl, in front; but, with regard to the *drawing* of the landscapes, judging from the views of Pittsburg and Cincinnati, places which we have seen, the designers have shown little knowledge of perspective; and, instead of cities containing lofty houses and

extended streets, have depicted rather infant villages, with a few scattered cabins.

Time has not been allowed us to enter into a critical examination of the literary merits of this Souvenir. As far as we have looked into its contents, we consider it honorable to our western brethren, as regards both the interesting character of the subjects, and the style in which they are composed. There is an agreeable *naiveté* and freshness in many of the stories, not always to be found in those of our own selections; a euphony and chasteness in the diction, equal to what we in general can ourselves produce. These observations apply with equal justness to the poetic effusions. Yet, we will not extend our eulogy so far as to say that this volume, like the majority of our own, does not contain a considerable quantity of dull matter, which every one knows is admitted into such trifles, as a kind of stuffing, designed rather to make up a respectably sized book, than really to please.

We have not read all the 45 pieces contained in the Western Souvenir; but of those which we have looked over, we prefer the prosaic articles called the *Mad Buffaloe*, by Hall; "The Last of the Boatmen," by N.; the poetical lines, entitled the Infant's Grave, by Little, and the Ode to Mary, by Orlando.

"The Bachelor's Elysium," of Mr. Hall, possesses more of what may be called literary *tact*, than any other in the compilation; but we think there is too much of it, and the humor of the story consists not so much in the sentiment, as in the manner of narration. William Bancroft, a piratical tale, by Mr. Drake, is well told, and interesting, and is, no doubt, like most others of the same class, indebted both to fiction and to fact.

Having stopped at one of the numerous landing-places on the Ohio, to take in a fresh supply of wood for the steam-boat, the last of the boatmen, called Mike, one of those demi-savages compounded of "half horse, half alligator, and a little of the snapping turtle," is thus introduced to the reader's notice:

"His stature was upwards of six feet, his proportions perfectly symmetrical, and exhibiting evidence of Herculean powers. To a stranger, he would have seemed a complete mulatto. Long exposure to the sun and weather, on the lower Ohio and Mississippi, had changed his skin; and, but for the

fine European cast of his countenance, he might have passed for the principal warrior of some powerful tribe. Although at least fifty years of age, his hair was as black as the wing of the raven. Next to his skin he wore a red flannel shirt, covered by a blue capot, ornamented with white fringe. On his feet were moccasins, and a broad leathern belt, from which hung, suspended in a sheath, a large knife, encircled his waist.

"As soon as the steam-boat became stationary, the cabin passengers jumped on shore. On ascending the bank, the figure I have just described advanced to offer me his hand.

"How are you, Mike?" said I.

"How goes it?" replied the boatman—grasping my hand with a squeeze, that I can compare to nothing but that of a blacksmith's vice.

"I am glad to see you, Mannee!"—continued he, in his abrupt manner. "I am going to shoot at the tin cup for a quart—off hand—and you must be judge."—pp. 111-12.

"Mike, followed by several of his crew, led the way to a beech grove, some little distance from the landing. I invited my fellow passengers to witness the scene. On arriving at the spot, a stout, bull-headed boatman, dressed in a hunting-shirt—but bare-footed—in whom I recognised a younger brother of Mike, drew a line with his toe; and stepping off thirty yards—turned round, fronting his brother—took a tin-cup, which hung from his belt, and placed it on his head. Although I had seen this feat performed before, I acknowledge I felt uneasy, whilst this silent preparation was going on. But I had not much time for reflection; for this second Albert exclaimed—

"Blaze away, Mike! and let's have the quart."

"My "compagnons de voyage," as soon as they recovered from the first effect of their astonishment, exhibited a disposition to interfere. But Mike, throwing back his left leg, levelled his rifle at the head of his brother. In this horizontal position the weapon remained for some seconds, as immoveable as if the arm which held it was affected by no pulsation.

"Elevate your piece a little lower, Mike! or you will pay the corn," cried the imperturbable brother. I know not if the advice was obeyed or not; but the sharp crack of the rifle

immediately followed, and the cup flew off thirty or forty yards —rendered unfit for future service. There was a cry of admiration from the strangers, who pressed forward to see if the fool-hardy boatman was really safe. He remained as immoveable, as if he had been a figure hewn out of stone. He had not even winked, when the ball struck the cup within two inches of his skull."—p. 113-14.

Something like this we have ourselves witnessed, in Indiana; an exhibition which served to remind us of the sharp shooting of the fearless Tell.

The last stanza of the "Infant's Grave" is particularly pleasing:

"How calm are thy slumbers, thou sweet little stranger!
Unmindful of sorrow, regardless of danger;
Thy mild spirit left thee, as pure as it found thee,
Ere the cold cares of life spread their darkness around thee.

Sleep on, lovely cherub! No more shalt thou waken;
Thy body lies tenantless, cold and forsaken:
No more shall the arms of a parent enfold thee,
No more shall the eye of affection behold thee!

Though now thy frail body in death is reclining,
Thy bright, spotless spirit with angels is shining;
For our Saviour to us an assurance has given,
That of such as thou art, is the kingdom of heaven."—p. 157.

The Ode to Mary is, throughout, a chaste conceit, and, as well as the preceding, is worthy of being transcribed.

"My Mary, if the tales were true,
Of fairy forms they tell,
Who sip from flowers the balmy dew,
Or haunt the shadowy dell;
Who watch the silent glance or tear,
That bashful maids conceal,
And softly to the enamoured ear,
The tender tale reveal;

How blest would be the rapid wing
Of herald, true as these;
Soft messages of love to bring,
Swift as the sweeping breeze;

For they to thee would whisper, dear,
Of him far from thee driven,
Whose sighs ascend in daily prayer,
For thy dear sake, to heaven!

And, Mary! they would softly tell,
Where'er I chanced to rove,
What anxious thoughts my bosom swell,
For thee—my plighted love!
And, daily, when thy cheeks reveal
Charms so divine in thee,
Soft kisses they would gently steal,
And bear the sweets to me:"—p. 193.

G.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE HOUSE ON THE CLIFF.

On the morning of a fine day, in the spring of 1819, I embarked in a Durham-boat, at Easton, Pa. for Philadelphia. I passed my time pleasantly in listening to the songs and anecdotes of the boatmen, and viewing the beautiful and sometimes sublime scenery presented on either side. At one place, the shores receded with a gentle upward slope, until they attained the importance of hills, looking blue in the distance; at another, they stood proudly up, looking upon the fresh-blooming lowlands. But in one particular place, the appearance was as if a mountain, by some powerful convulsion, had been severed in the midst; for the lofty precipices on each side were about the same height, and the projecting crags appeared as if they had once *articulated*, as a geological anatomist would say. The river there grew narrower in its channel, and dashed, and foamed, and roared among a thousand rocks that interrupted its course. Such passages are called *falls;* and, according to the hyperbole of the boatmen, the boats rush through them at the rate of "a mile a minute." Many of the rocks are overflowed by the water, especially at the time of freshets. These would cause the wreck of many a poor man's hopes, but that their situations are marked by a line of poles that have been erected on them, and from which wave the red flags of warning. In passing these falls, the

heaving waves occasion much difficulty to the boatmen, dashing over the sides of the boat, and demanding the constant labor of its conductors to prevent their becoming overwhelming. According to my remembrance, not many houses overlooked the river, but I noticed one that I must particularize. It stood on the Pennsylvania shore, immediately on the brow of one of the opposite cliffs I have mentioned, and it seemed so small that you might have imagined an eagle had flown off with a cage, and placed it there, to build its nest in. I happen to be acquainted with the history of that house, and therefore—no longer delaying the reader with description—I will hasten to its relation.

In the army under the command of Washington, at the time of his retreat through New Jersey, was a captain Samuel Bailey. He was a native of Trenton; young, brave, skilful and enterprising—a thorough patriot. Before he entered the army, he had plighted vows with a young lady of his native place—one endowed with all the qualities, both of spirit and person, that constitute true loveliness. Her name was Elizabeth Gardiner. Her father had been one of the first victims of the war, leaving his widow and only daughter, with all the timidity natural to woman, to suffer the vicissitudes of "the times that tried men's souls." The death of Elizabeth's father, and the dangers incident to the station of the captain, had deferred their marriage; and, when the retreating army was forced to abandon Trenton, they parted from each other, with a sadness that seemed ominous of approaching misfortune.

When the Hessians entered Trenton, they considered the flying Americans as harmless as if disbanded, and resigned themselves to every species of dissipation. One of their sergeants, named Baum, quartered himself at the house of Mrs. Gardiner, and exercised a high authority in regard to his comforts. The lone widow would have had to endure even greater impositions than she did, had it not been that the sergeant took a particular fancy to Elizabeth, in consequence of which, whenever she was in his presence, his nature appeared less rude than usual, and his whole behaviour assumed a cast wonderfully sentimental. These manifestations of partiality became more striking every time Elizabeth appeared

before him, until, at last, he openly avowed his feelings, and became lavish in his efforts to obtain her favour. Being uniformly repulsed, he soon grew violent, and, at one time, he muttered a hint of employing force if he should find entreaty of no avail. Elizabeth and her mother were so well acquainted with the course of the war, that they were greatly alarmed by this threat; although they still hoped that military discipline possessed sufficient authority to prevent a subaltern putting such a threat into execution.

Baum became more importunate daily, but Elizabeth remained the same as at first. Concluding, at last, that she would never be won over to his purposes, he resolved to remove her to some place where she would be completely in his power, and where he would be beyond the cognizance of his superiors. With this view, he sought and obtained permission to select twenty men, and keep a watch over the motions of the people of the adjacent country. He soon conformed these men to his designs, by persuading them that Mrs. Gardiner had a large quantity of specie concealed in her house, and promising to divide it among them as a reward for their services. Having gained this point, he devoted an entire day to the discovery of a situation suited to his purpose. He bent his course up the banks of the Delaware, for some miles, when he arrived at the opposite cliffs described in the commencement of my narrative. The Pennsylvania side seemed most secure, and he therefore crossed the river. He then divided his men, and despatched them up and down along the shore, in quest of a proper place of concealment. In the meantime, he ascended, with some difficulty, the jutting crags, and was delightfully surprised on finding, about half-way from the ground to the top of the cliff, a fine spacious cave, extending backward into the rocks nearly twenty feet. The entrance was almost entirely obscured by a wild brier that sprang up from the earth in a crevice, and, climbing from point to point, spread its bare twigs thickly around. It was precisely appropriate. He returned to the opening immediately, and, by the preconcerted signal of the shrill-sounding fife, recalled his companions. Then, recrossing the river, he marched back to Trenton.

The next evening Mrs. Gardiner and Elizabeth were sit-

ting by the fireside, reviewing the behaviour of sergeant Baum, when a Hessian woman entered the room. Addressing Elizabeth, she said:—

"I came to see, Miss, if you a'nt the young lady that has been looking to the sick-woman, down yonder on the river shore."

"Do you mean old Mrs. Williams?" inquired Elizabeth.

"I don't know her name," answered the woman, "but her house is just at the foot of your garden."

"That is Mrs. Williams. What message do you bring from her?"

"Why, I was just going by the door, when a little boy ran out and told me his grandmother was very sick, and asked me to go in and see her. And so, when I went in, I did find the old woman out o' sorts; and she wanted me to come up here, and ask you if you couldn't throw your cloak over you, and come down there a minute. So I told her besure I would do a trifle of that kind, and I came up here right away to tell you."

"My dear," said Mrs. Gardiner, "I hardly think it proper you should venture out after dark. You know the soldiers are always straggling about, at this time; and, besides that, it is so cold and stormy to-night. Still it seems a pity that the poor old woman should suffer, while her friends are so near."

"I think, mother, I had better go," replied Elizabeth, "I could not sleep a moment all night, if I were to think of her being sick and alone."

"Well, then," rejoined the mother, "you may get my cloak as well as your own, for I must go with you."

"No, no, my good madam," said the woman, "I'm sure you had better keep to the house. I promised the old woman to come back with Miss, for she thought you would not fancy her coming alone. So if you please, madam, I'll go with her myself."

Elizabeth persuaded her mother to remain at home; then, after saying she would soon return, she wrapped her cloak around her, and departed with the woman for the house of Mrs. Williams.

"'Tis a wonderful raw night, Miss," observed the woman,

as they walked down the garden, "How I should hate to cross the river."

"Cross the river!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "what made you think of that?"

"Nothing—only as I felt the cold wind, I thought it would blow colder off shore. And then its so dark, and there's so much ice in the river, that it would be rather a tough pull, and a dangerous one, too, I think."

"There is no doubt," said Elizabeth, "but it would be a freezing voyage. However, it would be impossible to cross now, for Washington stripped the Jersey shore of boats, when he passed over, two or three weeks ago."

"Not of all the boats, either," answered the woman.

"Why, do you know of any left?"

"I'm not a going to tell you that, Miss, so you needn't ask me."

Elizabeth could not refrain from laughing; the woman spoke with so much gravity about circumstances apparently of such little interest to either of them. But the Hessian appeared vexed, on being laughed at, and retorted in rather a predictive tone:—

"People sometimes laugh when there's no occasion. If you happen to cross the river to-night, you'll find out whether there are any boats left or not."

They had just passed from the garden-gate to the shore, as the woman spoke thus; and her tone and manner so startled Elizabeth, that she instantly stopped, saying:—

"I am obliged to you for your company, ma'm, so far; but you will please permit me to proceed alone. I am used to be treated with respect."

Scarcely had she uttered these words, when a powerful arm seized her round the waist, and, ere she could utter a scream, a strong hand was compressed forcibly on her lips.

"That's right," exclaimed the treacherous Hessian, "off with the impudent baggage! off with her!"

Elizabeth struggled, but in vain. She was carried swiftly away; and soon heard the hum of voices at a little distance. She made another effort to cry out, but it was useless, for she was quickly convinced she was among foes, by their asking

her bearer, on hearing his footsteps, if he had secured his prize.

"Aye, indeed, that I have!" was the answer;—and Elizabeth knew the voice of Baum! A tremor seized her whole frame, and she swooned in his arms.

Baum seated himself on the stern of the boat, with Elizabeth in his lap, and ordered his men to pull diligently for the opposite shore. They rowed off immediately; but soon found their way obstructed by the floating ice. The night was black as Tartarus; the wind blew piercingly, and the snow fell fast and thick. The clashing of the ice-cakes, with the scraping of the sides of the boat against their sharp edges, and the dashing of the waves, were all circumstances calculated to inspire horror. But still they urged their passage, now making rapid progress, then rushing against impediments, or forced down the stream by large fragments of ice, which sometimes surrounded and bound their boat fast, and then releasing it from imprisonment, permitted it to heave and plunge among the waves. At one time they rowed, and at another employed their oars as poles, pushing from one field of ice to another. In this way they at last succeeded in reaching Pennsylvania.

"Well done, my lads," said Baum, as he stepped ashore, with the still insensible Elizabeth. "To the last cent of that miserly old widow will I divide her wealth among you for this night's work. But be in a hurry, for we have no time to stand idle in this weather. Make your boat fast, and bring your arms, the ropes, the board, and the blankets, and let us be moving on."

"I'll tell you," he continued, as they began their march, "I'll tell you a story, proving how much I am like the son of a king. It may haply cheer our time a moment; for as we have no very comfortable walk, we stand in need of a little comfortable talk. Well then, one day, since we came to Trenton, I went into a house where I found our chaplain. He was reading a book called Homer's Iliad, and there was an account of a beautiful young princess named Helen, who had run off with a fellow from a town called Troy. The chaplain told me she had beaux by the dozen, and rich ones too, and all princes. Of course, they all wanted her; but, as only one could have her, a bargain was made that whichever should kill a certain

wild boar that did a good deal of mischief about there, should have this Helen for his wife. Well, the fellow's name that killed the boar was Merry Laus, and so he got the girl."

"Ha, ha, ha! I dare say," said one of the men, in a tone intended for one of humor, and, no doubt, thinking he was was very humorous; "I dare say he was merry enough! ha, ha, ha!"

"But the fun of it comes now," continued the sergeant. "They had not been married long when that fellow from Troy came to see Merry Laus. I think his name was Paris—but let's see—no, if I remember right, his name was Troy, and he came from Paris."

"Ah! that's more like it!" said one of the men, "that's more like it—my father was once at Paris."

"Well, be that as it may," proceeded the sergeant, "he had sense enough to fall in love with Helen; and, while Merry Laus was absent one time, he positively persuaded her to run away with him! This was all the chaplain told me about the matter; but it had so great an effect on me, that I determined from that moment to run away with this pretty creature.* Now I am this much like the son of a king—for you must know Troy was the son of a king called Prime—

"Prime! hey," interrupted the most thoughtful man of the party; "I wonder if they named the powder at the touch-hole after him?"

"Like enough they did," answered the sergeant, "for it just shoots across my mind that the chaplain did say something about Prime going off, and a great firing at Paris. But, as I was going to say, I am this much like the son of a king: Troy coaxed away the beautiful wife of another man, and I have kidnapped a beautiful girl, who was never married."

"Huzza for sergeant Baum!" exclaimed one. "But pray sergeant what did Troy do with Helen?"

"Do with her!" replied the sergeant, "why he took her home to Paris, and kept her in king Prime's palace, and she lived like a queen!"

* It was the opinion of Mr. Barlow that Homer had better never been born. *Vide Notes to the Columbiad.* Did he found his opinion on the incident related in this tale?

"Ay, ay," returned the man, "that was proper treatment. But here you are not like the king's son, for you are going to keep this girl in a cold cave, in a cold season. Think of that sergeant Baum!"

"Poh, man! don't I intend to have the mouth boarded up immediately, and don't I intend to keep a good warm fire there? Why I expect that cave will be more pleasant than a palace! But I forgot one thing, that makes me still more like Troy. This sweet creature was never, indeed, actually married, but then she is engaged to a fool of an American captain, named Bailey; and I shall have the pleasure of tricking the rebel."

"Is that a joke, sergeant, or is it a plain matter of fact?" asked the man.

"As plain a matter of fact as that it is now snowing. You recollect the skirmish we had the other night with a detachment of horse, when we lost several men? Well, this is the same captain Bailey that commanded that party, and that made such a dash with his broad blade. By the powers of war! I'm glad to plague that fellow!"

"You have good reason to hate captain Bailey," retorted the other, "for it was only your running that kept you from lying down. People sometimes say, let your head save your heels, but your heels were the salvation of your head!"

"Frederick Bokum!" said the sergeant, "you have passed your bounds. Go back and take charge of the boat till we return!"

"I thank you, sir," answered Bokum, and immediately withdrew from the company.

"I can never keep good friends with that fool," continued the sergeant, "he is always picking at one's tender places; and he finds fault with the least approach to hard dealing with an enemy. Hang him! I expect he'll be in a pet for a week."

Persevering through all obstacles, the company journeyed onward, until, after a dreary march of two hours, they found themselves on the shore immediately under the cave.

"Now lads!" said Baum, "some of you up the crags, with your ropes, and fix affairs there as quick as possible."

"By Jupiter!" exclaimed one, on examining the rocks, "it will be no easy task to climb these crags; why they are all

crusted with sleet, and the snow makes them so slippery that you can get no hold. You might as well hope to hold an eel between your fingers, as to keep foot-hold on a place like this."

"But you must up!" said Baum, impatiently; "off with your bayonets, and break the ice as you climb!"

"Confound such a job," said one of the men; if that old widow was as rich as old Nick, her money wouldn't pay for breaking one's neck."

As it was a work of necessity, however, they commenced it immediately; and, after a considerable time, four of them succeeded in clearing a pathway, and in reaching the ledge at the entrance of the cave.

"Holla, there!" they cried to their fellows below, "here come the ropes!" And then, holding on to one end of each, they threw down two ropes.

"There lads!" said Baum, "fasten the board now, and be sure you do it safely."

They then took a board about two feet long and one broad, and ran the ends of the ropes through two holes, one at each end of the board. The ropes were then secured under the board by large knots. Thus a conveyance was formed, resembling a common swing. Baum then seated himself on the board, with Elizabeth in his lap, and a lantern in his hand. He ordered the men above to haul them up; and while he kept himself from the projecting rocks by means of a musket, he made a safe ascension.

"By the powers of war!" said he, as he stept into the cave, "that was a perilous rising. I was plaguedly afraid my left hand rope would break, and quite as much so that some of you would slip. But Providence seems to favour us, as the chaplain says.—There, my darling, you may sleep awhile longer," and he laid the listless girl on some blankets, out of the range of the wind. He then ordered the men to bring up some wood for a fire.

Just as the men reached the ground, their companions hailed them, and requested them to be silent a moment; for they thought they heard the trampling of horses over the frozen ground. They all collected behind a projection of rocks, that defended them from the wind. Their lantern was placed

on a ledge in the angle, and the light gleamed brightly from their musket barrels.

"Hark!" said one again, "didn't you hear a horse neigh?"

"Now, by Jupiter!" said another, "you're a pack of cowards. Suppose a horse did neigh, are nineteen Hessian soldiers to listen in affright!"

"Our business is not of the most encouraging kind tonight," answered another, "I feel more afraid of the stings of conscience than of any thing else. But look there! didn't you see something moving over there in the dark?"

"O heavens!" cried the one who had spoken just before, "you poor poltron. Talk about conscience indeed, and motions—why, it was only the wind blowing through the lantern, and flickering the blaze. By Jupiter! I'm ashamed of my company."

These words were scarcely pronounced, when a loud voice, close by, cried out—

"Fire!"

The sudden thunder startled the hills around,—and seven of the nineteen soldiers fell dead on the spot. A horrid shriek burst from the remainder, as they seized their arms, tremblingly; and a shout of "Bailey and vengeance!" told the onset of the avengers. The Americans charged with the bayonet; and the captain, leaving his men to their own good conduct, sprang up the crags, as swiftly as if there had been no impediment. The lantern threw a gleamy light round the cavern, and, just as he entered, the Hessian, like a roused lion, was rushing out to the conflict. His sword flashed in his hand, and as the form of Bailey burst in, it fell like lightning. The captain warded the blow, but his own lighter blade was shattered to the hilt, and flew glittering around in a thousand fragments. A second and a heavier stroke descended; but he averted it with the barrel of his pistol. The shock, however, discharged the pistol; and the ball, unfortunately, was spent in vain. The blue smoke filled the cave, and the combatants throbbed with horrible suspense until it partially cleared away. As soon as they perceived each other, the Hessian, with a hellish curse, leaped towards the defenceless captain, and made a thrust at him, which was intended to be decisive: but Bailey, with a dexterous movement, avoided

this also, and the exertion of the Hessian only served to dash himself against the rocks. A moment, and, ere he recovered from the shock, the captain's weighty pistol rang against his temple; he was grasped by the throat, and dashed from the precipice. As he fell, however, his sense of life seemed to rush back through his whole frame. He caught by the strong roots of the wild-brier on the ledge, uttering bitter imprecations, and nearly regained his standing; when the captain seized the fallen sword, and, with one fell sweep, cleft through his neck. The light glared on his eyeballs as they started from their sockets; his head drooped over his shoulder, his hands relaxed their hold, and he fell from crag to crag to the shore. The clash of arms had ceased below; the captain, from the edge of the cliff, shouted—"victory! victory!"—and his men echoed the sound with a loud roar of "victory! victory!"

Bailey then re-entered the cave, in quest of Elizabeth. She was not there! He was frenzied. Flying to the edge of the cliff again, he called her name, and listened for a reply. He thought he heard a low voice above him. He looked up, and as he looked, the moon shone out from the midst of the tempest, the top of the cliff was brightened, and he beheld a female form, in a white garment, kneeling, and with both hands lifted to heaven. With great difficulty, he climbed the dangerous steep; and, as soon as he attained its summit, Elizabeth's arms were clasped around his neck, and she sank on his bosom, saying—"God has saved my love!"

Do you remember Frederick Bokum, who was ordered back to the charge of the boat? Instead of attending to the boat, he started immediately for the American army. It was the night preceding the memorable 26th of December. The retreating army had faced about, and was then marching to conquest. Bokum soon met a detachment of American horse. Captain Bailey was commander! Bokum was enraptured. He told the captain the state of affairs. The captain told Washington. Washington permitted him to pursue. He chose fifteen men, armed them with muskets, pursued, rescued Elizabeth, and was, next day, one of the most active in the conflict at Trenton.

The house on the cliffs was built as a memento of the res-

cue. A framed account of the transaction used to be suspended within its walls. For many years, the country lads and maidens resorted there on the 26th of December, and they generally found that the holiday there spent, was more productive of pleasure than any other of the Christmas week. Never did another maiden, however, climb the crags that Elizabeth climbed; and never, since captain Bailey's pistol was discharged by the stroke of sergeant Baum's sword, has any other gun been fired upon that shore, than the fowling-piece of the sportsman. It is my bed-time;—Good night!

S.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE SPIRIT OF DESTRUCTION.

With pow'r commission'd by the Source of Pow'r,
To quench a planet, or to crush a flower—
To scourge a nation, or an infant pain—
To vex a worm, or make a world complain—
Prone on the buoyant winds, in flowing robe,
The Spirit of Destruction sweeps the globe.

Where yonder space glooms black upon the sight,
A sylvan mansion rear'd its modest height.
There artless Pleasure, smiling, fix'd her seat,
And Eden's angels graced the green retreat.
Fir'd by the spirit's torch, its flames arose,
And the charr'd fragments now its site disclose.

Swift from the open hills, the swollen floods
Whelm all the vales, and toss th' uprooted woods.
The startled peasant, bounding from his sleep,
Feels his walls trembling to the rushing deep;
Cities, surpris'd, usurping water beats;
And boatmen ply their wherries through the streets.

Loud roar the reinless winds; their headlong rage
No force can quell, and distance scarce assuage;
The hoary forests, wrench'd, in ruin fly;
And trunks, and leaves, and branches shade the sky.
Lone homesteads, raz'd, lament their lawless wrath;
And unroof'd hamlets mark Destruction's path!

On booms the whirling tempest; ocean raves,
Heaves treach'rous hills, and scoops a thousand graves.
The shrieking sailor, plunging down th' abyss,
Resigns to fate, and yields the hope of bliss;
While, hov'ring ghastly in the meteor's glare,
The Spirit of Destruction triumphs there!

The trees are touch'd with poison; with'ring fast,
The shrivell'd foliage rustles on the blast.
The burning pastures harden to a crust;
Where flow'd the brooks, the cattle paw the dust.
The blooming virgins, sick'ning, waste away;
Blanch'd is the rose, and dimm'd the visual ray.
The sturdy shepherds sink, unnerved and faint;
And "water! water!" loads earth's loud complaint.

Yon nursling infant to the bosom turns;
And where was life—a deadly fever burns.
The mother pores with anguish on her child;
She moves not, speaks not; but her eyes grow wild—
Her brain is craz'd;—and hark! the maniac sings:
"An angel points me to yon cooling springs!
Cheer up, my Ishmael! Lo! the waters rise,
And shady groves defend from scorching skies!—"
'Twas heaven she saw—and there her soul has fled;
And her sweet infant, nestling, hugs the dead!
See! fondly twined, he shuts his weary eye!
Oh! orphan infant! wake beyond the sky!

Unclouded azure o'er yon city reigns,
And golden glory gilds its glancing fanes.
Yet Hunger there for food despairing calls;
Plucks the spare grass that sprouts along the walls;
Or, madly prostrate at his palace gate,
Gnaws his lank arms, and bites the rod of fate.

The noon-day terror—and the midnight death—
Destruction's venom fills the common breath.
The strong grow weak; the active sink supine;
And purple spots reveal the fatal sign.
The streets are grown with grass; the Sabbaths smile,
But silent sleep the belfry and the aisle.
One general lazar-house the city stands;
And one vast sepulchre the neighb'ring lands.

Destruction stamps the earth;—the vallies rend,
Towns prostrate fall, and topmost hills descend.

Where lakes lay level, mountains touch the skies;
And where spread cities, wreckful oceans rise.
A world of horrors dims the aching sight;
And shrieks and thunders shake the orbs of night.

Fires, floods, and whirlwinds to thy nod conform;
And drought and famine—deadlier than the storm!
The plague, gaunt terror, strews the putrid ground;
And heaving earthquakes spread thy victims round!
Yet, were thy sway here bounded—earth would bloom,
And Eden, rising, triumph o'er the tomb!
Thy robes be bloodless; and thy pow'r a name,
Scarce heard, amidst the loud reports of fame!
These slay thy thousands;—but thy arrows fly
Thick as the streaming sunbeams through the sky!
The earth is vein'd with poison—herbs and trees
Suck in the death, and shed it on the breeze!
Beasts prey on beasts, and lap the crimson flood;
Envenom'd reptiles fire the human blood;
And unseen insects, mocking pow'r and pride,
Throw down their ghastly myriads at thy side!
While man uplifts his fratricidal hand,
And pours his brother's life at thy command!

Thou shalt consume the globe;—the stars shall fall;
And silence, wreck and darkness compass all!
And thou no more! Then new-born worlds shall shine,
And universal roll the eternal golden line!

S.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE NEW YEAR.

This is the season for reflection. It is the annual sabbath, on which the mind should cast off the ordinary cares of the world, and be devoted to calm communion with its thoughts. The lapse of time, the vanity of human toils and pleasures, and the transitory nature of human life, are the topics usually selected or suggested for contemplation, at the close of a year. These are not to be disregarded, for they are not unworthy the consideration of finite and accountable beings; but they are not the only, or the most momentous subjects

with which the mind should be occupied. To look back upon the past, when we anticipated the enjoyment of happiness, and when imagination created so many delightful scenes for our fruition, can have little if any influence on our moral improvement. Pleasures neglected, foregone, or realized, bring to the mind no grateful reflections; and if memory revolve the feelings which were excited by their possession, it awakens only regret for their loss, or remorse for the excess to which we indulged in them. It is not the exclusive purpose of philosophy to persuade us to cherish such feelings. Our moral sentiments were not designed to render us unhappy, by recurring to the wasted or disregarded advantages, which once attached to our condition in life, or to make us dissatisfied with our present situation, as we contrast it with that of others, and with enjoyments which were formerly our own. This is no part of the wisdom which pure philosophy inculcates. It becomes us, as sentient, moral and intellectual beings, to reflect upon our past errors—upon follies committed, and neglected opportunities of advancing our individual interests, or the welfare of society. But a retrospect of these, when it has no other result than to occasion melancholy remembrance and unavailing sorrow, is neither required by duty nor productive of benefit. To "cast a longing, lingering look behind," upon the vanished year, only to lament its departure, can avail us nothing. To repine at the erasure from the map of life, of scenes in which we once experienced happiness; to indulge the recollection of friends, from whom we have been separated by death or distance, would be to as little purpose. We may moralize upon the vanity of all human pleasures and pursuits, and, while we are sensible of their want of power to impart real happiness, wonder at our own folly and that of others, in cherishing any feeling of affection for them. But in thus moralizing, we must be careful to discriminate between pleasures which are detrimental or irrational, and such as bring with them no physical or moral evil—between pursuits which may be salutary, in reference to ourselves or to society, and others, which are trifling, or useless, having no tendency to promote the moral, intellectual, or social welfare. The rebukes which we may receive from our moral sense, for our waste of time, or abuse of mental capacities, are to be re-

garded as incentives to reformation, not as inducements to melancholy reflections upon time unappreciated or misapplied. We may regret past errors, and inadvertencies; but this, alone, is not sufficient to atone for them, or to afford profitable instruction for our future conduct. The commencement of a year naturally renews in the memory thoughts of that which it has succeeded; and, whatever may have been the tenor of our existence, during the last annual revolution, we are more prone to place our recollection upon circumstances and events that have tended to our disadvantage, or which we have not sufficiently improved, than upon those which, at the time of their occurrence, we considered as auspicious. It is, perhaps, fortunate for us that our retrospections are almost invariably of a gloomy nature, and our anticipations serene or joyful. We may derive advantages from reflecting upon past enjoyments and misfortunes, real or imaginary, which we could not experience in looking toward futurity. The mind is usually more calm and collected while occupied with the remembrance of what has already transpired, than when it is employed in prospective contemplation. The feelings which were once violently agitated by conflicting, or even concurrent passions, are no longer so intense as to render us incapable of estimating the real value of the objects or expectations by which they were excited. There is an impulse given to them by the hope of coming pleasure, or the fear of anticipated evil, which urges them beyond the limits, within which they can exert a proper influence over the moral character. But when the tumult of happy or unpleasant emotions has subsided —when our hopes and apprehensions have been either realized, or have ceased to affect us, we can revert to them and their causes, with feelings more steady and composed than those by which we were formerly controlled.

Rigid moralists reprove us for rejoicing at the termination of one annual period and the commencement of another. They commend sad thoughts and sad countenances, as most appropriate to the occasion, and counsel us to encourage gloomy feelings, as the best evidence that we can produce to our consciences of our having renounced error, and entered upon a correct course of life. It is, perhaps, not entirely consistent with our ordinary nature, to manifest joyous feelings at

the expiration of one year and the beginning of another, when we are reminded of the evanescence of human existence, and the wisdom of living in future, so as to redeem the follies or vices which we have already committed. But we do not rejoice merely because one annual circle is completed and another is begun. We are influenced in our celebration of the anniversary of time, by feelings incident to the consciousness that whatever unfortunate or unpleasant circumstances the past year might have attached to our situation, have no longer an existence, or are mitigated in their severity; and by the gratifying anticipation of a futurity which shall be more propitious to our desires for happiness. We are pleased that we are no longer to endure disasters or apprehensions which once oppressed us, and, forgetting all the anxieties which they occasioned, we think only of the pleasant scenes and delightful enjoyments in which we are to participate.

> "Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
> The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
> Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
> More pleasing seems than all the past hath been."

Custom, venerable for its antiquity, has concurred with religious impressions to consecrate the present period as one of festivity and instruction. The Christmas holidays were celebrated by our ancestors as a season both of sacred ceremonial and festive enjoyment. They commemorated it by offices of piety, relaxation from ordinary business, and the indulgence of hospitality and mirth. Christmas Eve was welcomed with the feast, the song and merry game, and as the harbinger of the eventful day on which the Saviour of men first appeared on earth. The Yule log blazed, with a brilliancy which appeared to sympathize with the glowing sensations of those who crowded around it, and who gave free indulgence to the social nature, which derived renewed fervor from the occasion on which it was indulged. At the joyous season of Christmas, the merry mummers, the hobby-horse, mince-pies, the wassail bowl, and the "lord of misrule" contributed their proportion of the pleasures which were considered as appropriate to the happy anniversary, and which mingled with the grave and solemn ritual, the strict observance of which

the primitive church had ordained as a pious duty. The soused boar's head was served up in the spacious hall, and

"Caput apri refero
Reddens laudes Domino,"

part of a jocund song, which need not here be translated, was sung, as the luxurious dish was brought to the table.

It is too late to inquire why we,—that is, we of this sinful world—suffer our hearts to beat so cheerfully, and to pour out such liberal libations on the altar of enjoyment, at the periodical return of this pleasant season. It may appear strange, and even inexplicable, that rational, moral and immortal intelligences should rejoice at the lapse of time, which is urging them on to a dread and an unknown state of being. But in spite of all that austere morality inculcates, we may presume that there is no inexpiable sin, in permitting our pulses to throb more intensely at this special point in the circle of time. We may hope that we shall be forgiven by a benignant creator for casting aside, at this festive season, the dull pursuits and perplexing cares of the world. There may be pleasant feelings and recreations, without the interference of profanity or thoughtlessness; and if the innumerable happy creatures, who now

"Assemble to dance round the grave of the year,"

dance with proper gravity, and a becoming sense of the wise instruction which their rational exercise may convey, they will be subjected to no just censure from conscience or hazard of future punishment.

"Time's use was doom'd a pleasure, waste a pain."

But the proper application of it to the purposes for which it is designed, is not inconsistent with the gratification of the social propensities with which our nature is imbued. We are liable to reproof for prodigality of time, only when it is expended in idle or criminal pursuits; in reproaching ourselves with having neglected or abused the advantages which it presented us, or in cherishing gloomy recollections and forebodings, without attending to the useful admonitions which

the past conveys, and employing them as practical instruction for our future improvement.

E.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MUSIC.

A Favorite Tyrolese Air, with variations for the Violin, and an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte. Composed for and dedicated to his pupil, Charles A. Poulson, Esq. by C. F. Hupfeld. Published by R. H. Hobson, Chesnut street.

O Figlia soavissima dell' aria,
Dea degli ondosi numeri suonanti,
Mentre spieghi i tesor', la pompa varia
Dei vaghi suon', dei modulati canti
La pietà sorge, la letizia spira,
Amor sorride e voluttà sospira.

Pananti.

The faculty of composing music gives to the composer an elevated station among musicians of every description; and entitles him, when his production is good, to the highest rank he can attain in his profession.

Many are the attempts made to excel in this faculty, but few are successful; and hence the reason why we have so much trash published under the appellation of *music*. We might say to many *soi-disant* composers, what an Italian poet said to one of his young friends, by whom he was consulted relative to one of his poetical productions—"a man may be a very fine gentleman, without having any pretensions to be a poet."

Our city is now graced with numerous composers, who have published several pieces of music of different descriptions; but, however, not equally good. We shall now mention a musical production of a chaste school of composition, particularly deserving attention.

Mr. C. F. Hupfeld, well known to our amateurs of refined music, correct taste, and warm and melodious execution, for the excellence of his pupils, and for the great influence which he has had in establishing in this city, a correct taste in music,

has furnished us with "a favorite Tyrolese air, with variations for the violin, and an accompaniment for the piano forte;" published by Mr. R. H. Hobson, Chesnut street.

We believe that the harmony of the accompaniment is in good taste, and correct throughout; and we see in it the hand of the master, capable of composing still better music. The same praise may be passed on the variations for the violin; and in this opinion we are supported by a first rate *Italian* composer, who is now in this city, composing and preparing an *Oratorio*, which will soon be performed for the gratification of our citizens. We should be glad to see more of this amiable author's composition.

We were proud of the superior talents of Mr. Hupfeld as a teacher and a performer; but we are now still more proud to be able to hail him as a chaste and correct composer. We may say that Mr. H. is an *American composer;* and although he has not been in Europe since his boyhood, it is evident, from this composition, that he has been nourished at the purest fount of all that is sublime and beautiful in music; and as an *American* composer, we are gratified to have him among us. In saying thus much of Mr. H.'s talents, we do not wish to depreciate the merit of others, but we wish to give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.

We know that, of late, some persons have approved of as fine music, and mistaken for *wonderful* and *divine* in execution, what we would call *des tours de passe—passe;* and *des tours de force.* This does not agree with our idea of good music and classical performance. And, indeed, we would just as soon see one of the charming and highly finished female portraits of the accomplished *Sully*, painted all in *vermilion*, as hear such a performance.

The piece in question is not without faults; but they are typographical, and not of composition. We particularly allude to the accompaniment in the *Polonaise.* But these little blemishes do not in the least diminish the value of this production; and, therefore, we may confidently recommend it to the *virtuosi* and *virtuose* of this or any other country.

CLAIR-VOYANT.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TO THE LAST YEAR.

The summer cloud of heaven,
The bow that spans the sky,
Are forward fleetly driven,
And cheat the gazer's eye.

The glittering stream of waters
Moves quickly, gayly on,
And spring's fresh, lovely daughters
But blossom and are gone.

Thus hast thou fled and left us,
Thus hastened on thy way,
Of many a joy bereft us,
That would not, could not stay.

And many an hour of sadness,
That filled our hearts with pain,
And many an hour of gladness
Have followed in thy train.

When first thy spring was beaming,
Jocund was nature's mien,
The brooks were brightly streaming,
The fields were lively green.

The happy birds were singing
Their joyous notes of love,
The busy bee was winging
His way from grove to grove.

Where are those birds and flowers,
Those leaves of verdure, where?
Borne on thy fleeting hours,
They staid no longer here.

The leaves that decked the forest,
The flowers so bright and gay,
Ere winter's breath was hoarest,
Withered and shrunk away.

Thus pass our early pleasures,
Crop after crop they fall,
And few will reap the treasures,
That might be reaped by all.

The year that's just swept o'er us,
Is gone, for ever past,—
Another is before us,
It soon will be the last.

Then let us catch the hours,
While passing swiftly by,
Rend from their grasp the flowers,
And let them onward fly.

Then, reader, 'stead of sighing
That years so swiftly flee,
Thou'lt say each left, when dying,
A legacy to thee.

S. G. F.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications have been received, which will be inserted as soon as possible.

Correspondents are again informed that no compensation can be given for articles which they may offer for the Magazine, unless an arrangement be made with the editor, previously to their insertion. Gentlemen who may desire such an arrangement, are requested to favor the editor with a personal interview.

The essay "On Trifles," signed G., cannot be inserted, on the terms proposed by the author.

NOTICE.

Booksellers may have their publications advertised in this work, on application to the editor.